

Arthur M. Easter.

Inspirations of a Bachelor

Idyls and Ideals

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Member Maryland Historical Society

Baltimore, Maryland

Author of Songs of Sentiment and Faith



Baltimore, Md.

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Maple Leaves

By Margaret Elizabeth Miller Easter*

My Mother

*On smooth-skinned, sappy boughs of darker brown
The wooly wads of buds are folded down,
Each swaddled in a rumpled, fuzzy gown.*

*The chilling breezes cannot get to them,
Thus closely cuddled to the mother stem,
Their feet wrapped in their red frock's ruffled hem.*

*Betimes their yellow tendrils looser curl,
Betimes their fan-shaped follicles unfurl;
They're growing stealthily, as grows a girl.*

*Waked by the blue-bird's chirp, some balmy day,
They'll burst the sheaths that bind them, and display
Themselves, green-kirtled, to the eyes of May.*

Dedicated to Her Memory

*Author of "Clytie and Other Poems."
An early photograph is opposite page 48.

Foreword

*Some lines, herein, I've written
To one most lovely grown,
Whose name is spelt, you'll notice,
Exactly like your own;
But if they're for yourself, dear,
Or not, how can I tell?
It all depends on whether
You like them very well.*

*For, if you care not for them,
(Whatever I may say,)
They must be for some sweetheart
Who's not yet come my way;
But if they really please you,
I'll be so glad it's true;
In that case, won't you tell me?
So I'll know they're for you.*

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Inspirations of a Bachelor

Idyls and Ideals

THE TALES MY MOTHER TOLD.

The tales my mother used to tell,
They were so dear to me,
I never shall forget their charm,
Through all eternity;
Close tucked within her sheltering arms,
Safe folded on her breast,
No thought of care, no grief, no fear,
My heart, then, e'er distressed.

Cind'rella, Sinbad, Puss-in-boots,
My marveling mind would claim,
With other tales she only knew,
Which out of her heart came;
They all were lovelier to me,
Than any, since, I know;
Because it was my mother told
Those tales of long ago.

The tales my mother used to tell,—
How beautiful they were!
I loved them so, they come back still,
Whene'er I think of her;
For now she's gone, far, far away,
(In heaven, indeed, she dwells,)
And there is no one else I know,
Such lovely stories tells.

LOVE'S EXCELLENCE.

Most excellent is love, and most divine,
All other gifts of God it doth outshine,
Faith, hope, sublimity, peace, grace and truth,
Fame, riches, honor, power and even youth,
(And never its munificence doth cloy;)
Pure pleasure and delight and strength and joy,
And every other good, mind *can* think of,
Comes by, or through, or from, omniscient love;
For love's the real, complete and perfect whole,
Which, in the end, doth bless man's deathless soul.

Ay, love's divine, as every blessing tells,
For God Himself is love, and in love dwells;
And they who would the laws of love fulfill,
Must love all men,—and God,—in truth, until
Their sun of love has risen above the earth,
And in its light they've found new life, new birth;
Then, they will know how excellent is love;
'Tis only thus God can bless and approve,
Since He is love, and where love cometh not,
He may not bide, and hapless is man's lot.

AFTER A MOUNTAIN SHOWER.

The dun clouds drift apart,—through rifts shines forth
the sun,

A stream of light, (translucent is its sheen,)
And all the air is freshly filled with glad ozone,—
From dust the rains of heaven have newly washed it
clean;

Mountain and valley, clad with verdure rare,
Make life a thing of glory everywhere,
So that, with glad acclaim, our lips declare,
How beautiful is earth! the sky how fair!

GENTLE WOMAN.

Dearest joy and sweetest pleasure
Under heaven's canopy,
Like thee is no other treasure,
In the earth, or sky, or sea.

Art is dumb when thou art present,
Beautiful in form and face,
Every thought of thee is pleasant,
Rude is all beside thy grace.

Precious, lovely, gentle woman,
In thee bideth all that's dear,
Love and thee go out and come in,
Leaving pain or bringing cheer.

REMINISCENCES.

The far away look in her eyes told me
She was thinking of someone she did not see;
That, though I was near her it mattered not,
Some way my existence she had forgot;
How lovely she looked as she dreamed that day!
But, whom she then dreamed of, I can not say,
Only I knew, by the look in her eyes,
There, someone, sometime, would find Paradise.

Alas, she left lately,—nor bid me, “good-bye!”
Not even a smile, or a whispered sigh;
But I wonder, now that she's off afar,
Some place where other and newer friends are,
Does she sometimes forget their gracious cheer,
And listen, the call of my heart to hear?
Does anyone else ever now surprise
That wistful, fond look in her clear, dear eyes?
Does she sometimes recall those days of yore,
And the lover she left in Baltimore?

THE ROSE.

I climbed a hill to pluck a rose,
So fair it grew, such fragrance had,
From all the rest that one I chose,
Its wondrous grace made my heart glad;
Most eagerly I reached forth then,
The flower bloomed so sweet and fair,—
When should I find a rose again,
Of so much charm, with scent so rare?

Alas, alack, I came too late!
Scattered its petals, fled its scent,
Such are the strange, sad ways of fate,
Beauty and charm seem only lent;
They're here one moment, then, ah, me!
They flee away and disappear;
Grief takes the place of ecstasy,
And sadness takes the place of cheer.

Long time I sought, then asked a boon
Of one who fairer than flower grew,—
She was a glorious friend at noon,
Ere eventide her smile withdrew;
I'm wondering now, if, like that rose,
Her friendship came to but pass by?
Or will it, aye, bring joy? who knows
Whether or not it, too, will die?

REMEMBRANCE.

She 'mindeth me of vine-clad hills,
And lovely country lanes,
Of fragrant flowers and restful rills,

Of all good life contains;
 Aye, every charm and every grace,
 It seems to me, in her finds place.

She 'mindeth me of all the dreams
 Of joy I've ever had,
 Of every blessing that hope claims,
 Of every thought that's glad;
 Green fields, clear skies, aye, every place
 Where dwelleth happiness and grace.

She 'mindeth me—but, I can't tell
 All she doth 'mind me of;
 Enough, my heart she does compel,
 Always herself to love;
 For she is, O, so fair to see,
 Of all things fair she 'mindeth me!

AN ODE TO BEAUTY.

Ay, beauty sheer and pure, supreme, sublime,
 Now overspreads the land in joyous mood,
 For lo, 'tis beauty's glorious harvest time!
 And what, than beauty, is more truly good?
 So I adore earth's lovely hills and vales,
 Where winds and sunbeams play, with joy intense;
 My soul anew earth's gracious freshness hails,
 As I go forth, its wondrous charms to sense.

O leaves and flowers and skies of myriad hues!
 O fields and forests marvelously grand!
 To love thy Maker well, who could refuse?
 Who, want of love for thee, can understand?
 And so I worship now at thy fair shrine,
 The God of beauty and of grace divine.

AMERICA.

From famed Phœnicia's far off shore,
From ancient Rome's most mighty power,
From Greece and Thrace,—from all the past,—
America received her dower
Of learning, wisdom, courage, strength;
Till now she's grown a nation great
As all of those from which she sprung
By God's good will,—O wondrous fate!

United, prosperous, we stand
Foursquare to all the world today,
The bulwark of true liberty,
Which shall, at last, the whole world sway;
Because by principle and power,
By grace of God, and freedom's might,
Our sires, from earth's remotest bounds,
Have sworn to live—let live—the *right*.

The whole wide world we dare to face,
Since we but good desire to do,
To fill our heaven-destined place,
And unto our best selves true;
America, God's chosen land,
Where came the oppressed from all the earth;
We bless Him for each pilgrim band,
Whose coming helped give freedom birth.

Unto the "Stars and Stripes" we bring
A fealty which can not die,
The people—they alone are king—
And for no other king we sigh;
Garnered, indeed, from all the world,
The best of men from every race,
Who've ever lived—our flag unfurled,
We lead the van of truth and grace.

COUNTING THE HOURS.

I am counting the hours, precious sweetheart of mine,
 Till I look in your eyes once more,
 For you're lovelier far than just words can explain,
 And you I shall always adore;
 I am counting the hours till again I shall hear
 The joy teaching tones of your voice,
 And shall clasp, well contented, yourself in my arms,—
 Are you not, for me, heaven's choice?

I am counting the hours,—still, I'm glad, dear, to wait;
 For soon now the day will come 'round,
 When you'll welcome me fondest,—because, I believe
 My life by your love will be crowned;
 So I'm counting the hours,—they are not sad, but glad,
 For are you not counting them, too?
 Yes, I'm certain you want me, as I want yourself,
 Sweetheart, ever tender and true.

I am counting the hours, as I always shall count
 The hours you're away from my side,
 And I'm thinking and dreaming of that happy time
 When near me you'll always abide;
 For you're lovely and sweet from your head to your feet,
 You're wondrously, graciously good,
 And so I admire you, adore you, desire you,—
 Ay, love your each feature and mood.

I am counting the hours, every second is glad,
 In the thought that some day you'll be mine,
 And rejoice, then, it's true that I want only you,—
 That your heart is my love's only shrine;
 For it's true, evermore your fair self I shall love
 As earth loves the sun and the sky,
 So I'm counting the hours till your lips mine shall meet,
 With love's fondest, bravest reply.

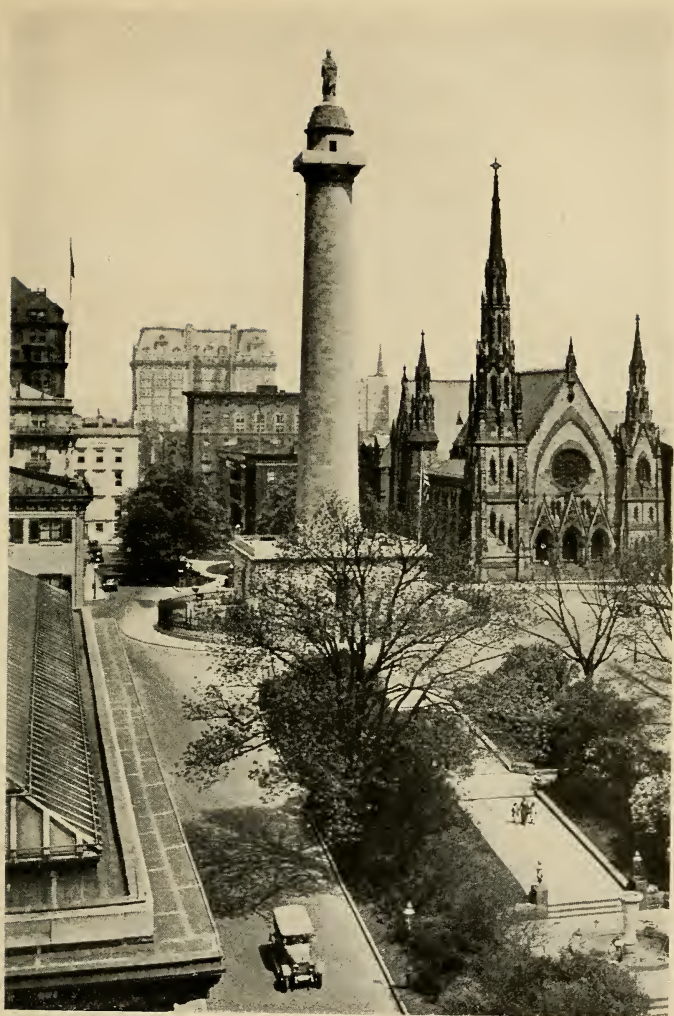
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Auspicious was the day for us—
Momentous with large fate—
On which George Washington was born
In old Virginia State;
He grew so nobly strong and wise,
And did his part so well,
That millions, in this most bless'd land,
In peace and plenty dwell.

And every man a free man is,
A very king, indeed,
Because of Washington's rare faith,
When direst was our need;
Oh, had he once forsaken then,
The cause of liberty,
What of our glorious Union now,
Reaching from sea to sea?

Think you we'd be a nation great,
Through all the world renowned,
If he had not such patience had?
Had not truth his life crowned?
No monument can tell how much
His splendid valor won,
So marvelous was the victory
Of General Washington.

And now a century's gone by,
And more, since he left earth,
Not died, for he will never die,
Immortal was his birth;
Then he by Providence was led,—
Our friend, our President;
Beloved, approved, he liveth still,
His life with ours is blent.



THE FIRST MONUMENT TO GEORGE WASHINGTON;
AND ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD.

"'Twas he who made our country great, the homeland of the free;
And so we honor, reverence, praise, and his great name approve,
Who first led forth to victory the Nation our souls love."

Yes, part of us, forevermore,
 George Washington will be,
 'Twas he who made our country great,
 The homeland of the free;
 And so we honor, reverence, praise,
 And his great name approve,
 Who first led forth to victory
 The Nation our souls love.

RESURRECTION.

O storm madly raging, and blowing
 The white flakes of heaven to earth!
 In my heart, too, are chill winds, and snowing,
 Which covers with white spread hope's birth;
 But, hid from the winds and the weather,
 Beneath all the cold and the grief,
 New life is now gathering together
 The strength which shall soon bring relief.

In a little while earth shall awaken
 In colors most splendidly fair,
 Buds will burst, birds will sing, unmistaken
 Will be joy's new charm in the air;
 Just as souls,—from the winter of sadness,
 From places drab colored and bare,—
 Shall come forth in beauty and gladness,
 When true-love's bright smile shall appear.

I feel, yes, I know by the token
 Of every delight of the earth,
 Hearts never were made to be broken,—
 Too precious, indeed, is their worth;
 A little while joy may be hidden
 Beneath storms of trouble and pain,
 But sometime we all shall be bidden
 To dwell in love's Eden again.

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

Ah, yes, the road to happiness
Is sometimes rough and dark,
And oft my steps aweary grow,
And gruesome sounds I hark;
There's danger on this side and that,
There's trouble and distress,
But, what are these if, in the end,
Your welcome smile shall bless?

Like Pilgrim on the Heavenward way,
Vain, foolish doubts assail,
And want of faith and fearfulness
Strive hard to make me fail;
Few seem to care, and no one dares
To tell me not to tread
Those paths which lead where danger lures,—
And still no ill I'll dread.

I know, as sure as angels guide,
So sure myself, at last,
Shall dwell in joy, dear, by your side,
As heaven has forecast;
The fighting done, and victory won,
How doubly sweet the cheer
When lonesome hours will come no more,
Since always you'll be near.

Perhaps I'm not yet wise enough,
Nor good enough, indeed,
To bide for aye close by yourself,
And yet your grace I plead;
For you, dear heart, I'm sure, some time,
Will my desire approve,—
Beyond the gates of Happiness,
Inside the land of Love.

Yes, on the road to Happiness,
 Sometimes my heart may sigh,
 But what of that, when in the end
 To yourself I'll draw nigh,
 And find pure joy and perfect bliss
 You give unto my soul?
 What matters, now, how drear's the way,
 When you, dear, are the goal?

THE ROSE SHE GAVE.

I wear this rose she gave to me,
 Just as herself I'd wear,
 Close to my heart, (as you can see,)
 It is so wondrous fair;
 How long its freshness lasts, how sweet
 The fragrance that it gives!
 How beautiful and how complete
 The good therein that lives!

And yet, it no pretensions makes,
 It's just itself—a rose—
 But, best of roses, for it speaks
 To me of one who chose
 It from a bunch of other flowers,
 And then gave it to me;
 That's why my heart with joy it showers,—
 Why it's most fair to see.

No other thing it envieth,
 O wondrous rose—her rose!
 Its perfume is life's sweetest breath,
 Since it, for me, she chose;
 Then, from it, may I all good trace,
 And bliss the most profound;
 Sweet flower that typifies the grace
 Which all herself has crowned.

LOVE'S CANAAN.

I've looked on the Canaan of love today,
Tomorrow it shall be mine,
Hope's spirit hath whispered the truth divine,
And faith shall show me the way;
Ay, shall lead, to the land of love, my feet,
By ways which I knew not of,
Till I reach its vale of blessing so sweet,
And rest by the river of love.

O'er paths of sorrow and pain I've been led,
Till it seemed the way was lost,
And I murmured, "O God, too great the cost,
Too rugged the road to tread!"
But I thank Thee now for the vision rare,
From those mountain tops of earth,
Because they have taught me, at last, over there,
My happiness shall have birth.

Ah, then the rough pathway shall be forgot,
There hunger and thirst shall be o'er,
And I shall be troubled by pain no more,
In a place where grief is not,—
The land of true-love which my heart hath yearned
With a hope that would not die,
But always, to Thee, Lord of goodness, turned,
Till the land is now near by.

Like Moses, I stand just across the way,
And I look on its vine clad fields,
And I see how the wine of love it yields,
Through the eyes of faith today;
And soon I shall know that wondrous delight
Which Moses never did know,
For only his eyes of the land had sight,
While into love's Canaan I'll go.

LONESOMENESS.

It's very sad and lonesome, dear,
 Now that you've left the city,
 The streets have never looked so drear,
 Since of you there's no trace,
 O, won't you please to come back soon?
 Because it's such a pity
 The city should so miss yourself,—
 It's like another place.

The birds sing in "G" minor, (flat,)
 The tree leaves rustle sadly,
 The days are always gloomy now,
 (One time it wasn't so;)
 Most other folks seem void of wit,
 While I myself feel badly,
 I've grown forgetful, and, somehow,
 The world's just filled with woe.

So, won't you please to hurry back,
 Without delaying longer,
 Or if you can't come right away,
 Say that you will come soon;
 Ah, if you'll but do that, sweetheart,
 Why then I shall feel stronger,
 For gloominess will pass away,
 And things soon get in tune.

Dear love, the presence of yourself,
 Than any tonic's better,
 While every day you stay away,
 The city grows more drear;
 So please come back without delay,
 Say when in your next letter,
 Then all the city's noise, I'm sure,
 Will be one strain of cheer.

HARD TIMES.

Yes, Anne and I have fallen out,
And everything's awry,
My soul is racked with pain and doubt,
I've bidden hope, good-bye;
The days are chill and filled with gloom,
Grief is without alloy,
Dark clouds of fear and trouble loom,
Where once was clearest joy;

The stars above no more appear
Faith's beacons, as of old,
They used to shine so bright and clear,
But, now, they're dim and cold;
The very dogs whine at the door
Most piteously at night,
Lost friendship seeming to deplore;
Begging for cheer and light.

The leaves have fallen off the trees,
Which stand out stark and bare,
There is no cheerful hum of bees,
No fragrance in the air;
Winter, and bitter want are here,
As all too well I know,
And for each home of happy cheer,
There's three of trial and woe.

A fair young maid and her sweetheart
Were skating on the pond,
When they, alas, were torn apart,
The brave young lad was drowned;
And then, last night, a house burned down,
And two, just newly wed,
Were killed outright, and all the town,
Is filled with awe and dread.

So everything is going wrong,
 No happiness beguiles,
 Since I no more may be among
 Those lads on whom she smiles;
 The sky's a gloomy, leaden grey,
 The rain falls cold and drear,
 There's not one bright or happy ray
 Of comfort now comes near;

And even should the sun o'erhead,
 In all its brightness shine,
 And all the stones be meat and bread,
 And all the water wine;
 Still would my life continue sad,
 Since her I may not see,
 Who used to make my heart so glad
 That grief seemed not to be.

Once strength and courage hope bestowed,
 Now I am strangely weak,
 With weariness and sorrow bowed,
 In vain for peace I seek;
 For Anne and I have fallen out,
 And all the world's awry,
 And filled with gloom and grief and doubt,
 Since she bade me, "good-bye!"

Hard times, they say, have come to stay,
 I hear it all around,
 And they grow harder every day,
 As I, of late, have found;
 I don't see how folks can be glad,
 (Though I was—long ago,)
 For, since I've fallen out with Anne,
 The whole world's filled with woe.

ONE AUTUMN'S DAY.

Her eyes are clear grey, and they have a way
That's wondrously witching, I know,
For they looked into mine one autumn's day,
(It seems such a long time ago,)
But I've never forgot, though I tell her not,
How strangely delightful they gleamed,
How their coming brought such a happy thought,
That, ever since, of them I've dreamed.

But I'm puzzled to know if it's really so,
(As her eyes seemed to say that day,)
If I pleased her, too, in that long ago,
When she had so little to say?
And was her heart warmed, and, like my own, charmed,
(I wonder if that could be true?)
Yet was unalarmed, and in nowise harmed,
By the waking which, then, it knew?

Her eyes shone so bright with a soft, pure light,
How can I forget them, indeed?
While the shimmering gold of her hair that night,
To adore her still more my heart bade;
It fell so silken and soft o'er her brow,
O'er her brow so smooth and so fair,—
The fragrance of it I still smell, I vow,
Its perfume was so sweet and rare.

Yes, her eyes are grey, and they have a way,
That's wondrously, witchingly dear;
For, since I looked in them that autumn's day,
More and more I have learned to care;
So I look for them, and I long for them,
(Such wisdom and peace in them blend,)
And I pray that nothing their light shall dim,
Are they not the eyes of my friend!

She's graceful and kind, in body and mind;
 And all of herself has, I know,
 Filled my heart with hope, some day, I shall find
 She really cares for me, also;
 Oh, her eyes are so bright with truth's perfect light,
 And her voice is so sweet always,
 That she's never ceased my love to incite
 Since the eve of that autumn's day.

"SINCERELY YOURS."

I wonder if it's really so,
 You are "sincerely mine?"
 I've often wished 'twas true, I vow,
 So glad your bright eyes shine,
 Such pleasing tones has your bless'd voice,
 Such charm has your hand's touch,—
 Had I my way you'd be my choice,
 I can vouch for that much.

"Sincerely yours," I'm glad so clear
 It's writ above your name,
 And that you've, also, called me, "dear,"
 Though that gives me no claim,
 More than a score of other friends
 To whom the same you write,
 But, anyway, it rather tends
 To make me think it might.

I am "sincerely yours," I vow,
 Then won't you answer me
 So that I'll know, come joy or woe,
 "Sincerely mine," you'll be;
 Because, for you always I pine,
 And never cease to care,—
 Dear, if you'll be "sincerely mine,"
 Please write once more you are.

CELIA.

And now that Celia is away
Amidst Virginia's vine-clad hills,
E'en just the thought of yesterday,
(When she was here), with pleasure thrills;
For, oh, I'm thinking of her yet!
Bright, truth-lit eyes, soft hair of gold,
Their beauty I will ne'er forget,
Such wealth of happiness they hold.

Always my thoughts unto her lead,
And days when first herself I knew,
For she's more rarely sweet, indeed,
Than is the early morning's dew,—
That's why I'm dreaming of her still;
As who would not? once having known
How wondrously her smile can thrill?
Not I, I am right glad to own.

The lines here writ, my heart well knows,
Imperfectly express the truth,
Because one fair as Celia grows,
Hath life divine, unending youth;
It must be true, so pure is she,
Such souls as hers will live always,
And will bless men eternally,
As well as God forever praise.

Ah, yes, my heart she has entranced,
Until of her it is most fond,
E'en from the first, I was convinced
All other maids she is beyond ;
And when, ah, when she shall come back
From old Virginia's vine-clad hills,
And say she's glad, no good I'll lack,—
With such rare joy her presence fills.

That's why, of God, for her I ask
 Soul-wealth and joy forevermore;
 May her life never be a task,
 But of all good a priceless store;
 May love be hers, and bliss most blessed,
 And friends who will be staunch and true;
 Because, as my heart has confessed,
 No dearer maiden ever grew.

A COLLEGE GIRL.

She is *tres* sweet, she is *tres* dear,
 She is *tres* wise and good,
 And so, of course, it's not *tres* queer,
 That love her well I should;
 And so I do, say, wouldn't you,
 If you, somehow, were me?
 You know her better than I do,
 So I'm sure you'll agree.

But even if you didn't, dear,
 Or said it wasn't true,
 Still, in my eyes, she would appear
 As dear and sweet as you;
 Yes, much the same I well may claim,
 Just *tres* fair and *tres* sweet,
 But, "what's her name, or where's her hame,"
 I would not dare repeat.

But I suspect that you can guess,
 And if you do I'll tell,
 You are so like her, I confess
 I like you just as well;
 For you, also, are *tres*, *tres* dear,
 And *tres*, *tres* lovely, too—
 Almost, indeed, it would appear
 There's only one of you

ADORATION.

Beautiful golden hair, like the poets write of,
And shall forever,
Lovely beyond compare, its glistening sheen I love,
It tires me never;
There is a halo 'round it,
That's caught my heart and bound it,
Sweetheart so clever.

Beautiful grey-blue eyes, tender and clear and bright,
Full of expression,
All ill before them flies, shining with truth and light,
Free from transgression;
O how I love to watch them,
And, maybe, sometimes catch them
At love's confession!

Beautiful mobile mouth, by Cupid bowed, and painted
With warm carnation,
Fair maiden from the South with every charm acquainted,
Dear combination
Of all that is the sweetest,
And noblest and completest,
God's best creation.

And I confess all these, (though they are gifts so great,)
But hint her spirit,
'Tis that which doth so please, words only, cannot state
Anywhere near it;
So, now, her praise I'm singing,
And all my love I'm bringing:
She, all, doth merit.

I FORGET NOT.

Never a day's light dawns on me,
 Never a day's light ends,
 But that my thought goes out to you,
 Before all other friends;
 The sun's first blush brings to my mind,
 The color of your cheeks,
 The sweetness of the morning air,
 Of your own sweetness speaks.

Yes, nature, o'er and o'er, suggests,
 Some charm in you I've seen,
 So that I never can forget,
 How much, to me, you mean;
 I never catch a violet's scent,
 Or look upon a rose,
 But that they call to mind yourself,
 O fairest flower that grows!

When evening's hours are loveliest,
 With moonlight and clear skies,
 I'm thinking, then, of your soft voice,
 And of your glorious eyes,
 Of you, who are more lovely far,
 Than any day or night,
 That ever gave an artist joy,
 Or made a poet write.

Ay, hills and valleys, trees and stars,
 And everything that's true
 And fair, and beautiful, and good,
 Reminds my heart of you,
 Although so seldom, now, I look,
 Upon your darling face;
 And oftentimes I'm sad, because,
 I miss your gentle grace.

And yet, fair nights and lovely days,
Some comfort to me bring,
Since all of them, (being beautiful,)
The memory of you sing,
Yes, every road I travel, dear,
And every dale and hill,
Recalls the hours when you were near,
My heart with joy to thrill.

While hope, within my breast, forbids,
That I should cease to care,—
Then, tell me you'll not turn away,
But ever let me share
The goodness of your gentleness,
The smiles, dear, of your lips,
Your thoughtfulness and tenderness,
From heart to finger tips.

You're lovely always, that is why,
All things which lovely are,
Bring back, like incense sweet and rare,
Your kindness from afar,
When, just a little girl, you came,
And coyly smiled on me,
And then forgot, (for someone else,)
I'd learned your friend to be.

But, I forget not, how could I?
When every wind that blows,
And every ray of light that shines,
And every flower that grows,
Brings back, again, the fairest day,
On which the sun e'er set,
Because it was, the very day,
When you and I first met.

"SIXTEEN."

Lucille is dear, and smiles on me,
 (Though not as ardent as might be,)
 But, she extends her slender hand,
 And bids me welcome, somewhat grand,
 And yet, I think that she is fine,
 Her voice delights, she looks divine,
 So that I cannot help but feel
 Quite interested in Lucille.

She's very dignified, indeed,
 And to mere man pays little heed,
 But then Lucille is just sixteen,
 Which I some years ago have seen,
 And hence I strive to be content,
 (Though only half her charms are spent
 To fill my evening with delight,
 Till, diffident, I say, "good-night!")

But, anyway, my dear Lucille,
 Although you won't your heart reveal,
 And though you cut me off so short,
 And of my wish to please make sport,
 I love to hear and see you so,
 I still will come till you say, no!
 E'en though, to me, you but extend,
 Of your slim fingers, just the end.

Then, when I try to show how I
 Am grieved to say, to you, "good-bye!"
 'Tis rather hard on me, that you
 Seem glad to have my visit through,
 And put off seeing me again,
 So many days, it would seem plain
 I do not much, to you, appeal,
 And yet, I'm glad to come, Lucille.

PEGGY.

There is a colleen I'm admiring,
With dark hair and Irish blue eyes;
And, O, but her smile is inspiring,
And her wit's both gentle and wise!
For blue blood that's gracious and royal,
And warm, too, forms of her a part,
So that every pulse-beat is loyal:
She's "Peggy," my Irish sweetheart.

No, she doesn't know that I love her,
For I'm just a poor passing bard,
And so, howe'er much I approve her,
Myself she'd not greatly regard;
Far off, though, I do delight in her,
And often I dream of her grace,
And always I wish I might win her,
So winsomely fair is her face.

Would I had a magical clover,
Or that I'd the blarney stone kissed,
It might be, then, that she'd look over
The wealth and the fame that I've missed;
But as I've not these, I stay lonely,
Though, (speaking now under the rose,)
I'm thinking, if she'd love me only,
And I knew it, I would propose.

THE RHYMSTER.

Oh, I'm just a maker of verses,
While she is a queen of delight,
Hence, oft my pen her charm rehearses,
For of her I dream day and night;



"For blue blood that's gracious and royal,
And warm, too, forms of her a part,
So that every pulse beat is loyal;
She's 'Peggy' my Irish sweetheart."

Fair, she sits in her pew Sabbath morning,
 I sit in the gallery free,
 Where I can see herself adorning
 The seat next which I'd like to be.

Yet, all I may do is look at her,
 But, O, the blest joy of just that,
 Is, indeed, for myself a great matter,
 Though sometimes I see but her hat;
 Till, in praise, her head she upraises,
 And I behold her face divine;
 Ah, how my soul God's goodness praises,
 The light in her eyes to see shine!

She is fair, she is dear, she is glorious,
 A queen every inch of her height,
 I would that I might be victorious
 In bringing her heart most delight;
 But, I'm just a maker of verses,
 Who sits in the gallery free;
 Though, oft my pen her charm rehearses,
 Too seldom she smiles upon me.

YOUR NAME.

There is a word I've seen and heard
 Of late, I can't forget,
 Ah, it's a most bewitching word,
 Because,—well, what it means has stirred
 My heart, until it has occurred,
 On what it means my heart is set,—
 Yes, there's a word I've seen and heard
 Of late, I can't forget;
 I won't explain, but you may guess,
 And, if you do, then, I'll confess.

APPROVAL.

Yes, her eyes lit up with the light of love,
And her cheeks flushed witching pink,
Then how could I not of her grace approve,
Who did of her beauty drink?
(Ah, she is so graciously, rarely sweet!)
Besides, how could I not care
For one who so kindly myself did greet,
And her bright smiles let me share!

Of a truth I do, she is worth the while,
She is fine of soul and mind,
In her heart there is naught of selfish guile,
And she is sincerely kind,
So her friendship I value of priceless worth,
And gladly my praise I bring,
And offer myself to be hers henceforth,
Whose charm and beauty I sing.

Oh, she's wondrously fair and truly good,
And very gracious to me,
So I praise her now, as it's right I should,
Praise such great excellency,—
Yes, her eyes were bright with the light of love,
And her cheeks all flushed with pink,
Then how could I not of herself approve,
Who did of her beauty drink?

THE GATES OF PARADISE.

I caught a glimpse, not long ago,
Of Paradise, (it's true,)
With radiant joy 'twas all aglow,
As its gates I gazed through;

No flowers, nor anything, can grow,
 On earth, one-half so fair,
 Or half the happiness bestow
 Which I discovered there.

So wondrous 'twas, it seemed a dream
 Of exquisite delight,
 When my eyes caught that fleeting gleam,
 Of glory glad and bright,
 As just a moment one rare ray
 Slipped through those gates divine,
 And seemed unto my heart to say
 That such joy might be mine.

But can it be, such bliss, to me,
 Can ever, now, come back,
 And fill my life with ecstasy
 Which ne'er again I'll lack?
 I know not, only this I know,
 I caught one glimpse, at least,
 Of how fair Paradise can grow,
 How much, there, joy's increased.

And evermore I shall adore
 Those gates of truth and love,
 And evermore pray they'll restore
 The Eden I've dreamed of,
 Which my eyes saw, when, that short time,
 They opened a wee bit,
 And made my heart know joy sublime
 In Paradise dwells yet.

Ah, gates most beautiful and rare,
 Within which all good lies,
 They are, indeed, beyond compare,
 Since they're my sweetheart's eyes,

And never, till I enter in,
And there with her abide,
Can I hope Paradise to win:
(And life's so bleak, outside!)

THE DAISY.

The daisy's just a common flower,
That grows wild everywhere,
And yet it has a strange, weird power,
The loveliest rose can't share;
It tells to those who will believe
The secret thoughts of love,
Nor does it ever hearts deceive,
Since it speaks from above.

So, three times o'er the mystic words,
With awed-hope, I repeated,
And, oh, what comfort it affords!
My wish was not defeated,—
For just exactly twelve times three,
It came out with none over,—
So she is going to marry me,
And always be my lover.

Oh, little sweetheart of my own!
I'm so glad and delighted,
I feel almost like you were won,
No more my heart's afrighted;
Since now I've only got to wait
Till love your heart compelleth,
Because you will, as sure as fate,
Do as the daisy telleth.

IN GOD WE TRUST.

Thou, who art God, the one God, the Eternal,
 Whose grace would bestow every good upon men;
 Hearken now to us, make our faith supernal,—
 Let not our trust be in vain.

Send us great harvests of plenty and beauty,
 Give joy to our households, keep peace in our land;
 Teach us, with valor, to do our whole duty,
 Though we may not understand.

Ay, though we battle with enemies trait'rous,—
 By ways which are troubled, we needs must be taught;
 Unto Thy judgement we'd leave those who hate us,—
 Make our hearts, ever, love-fraught.

Thus, God, whatever of trial, or blessing,
 It pleases Thy wisdom on us to bestow,
 We shall grow greater, Thy guidance confessing,—
 Thou never errest, we know.

Lord, we do trust Thee, pray to Thee, adore Thee;
 Confessing Thy goodness, Thy majesty, might;
 Righteous, unsullied, keep us, we implore Thee,
 Guard Thou our land day and night.

ASPIRATIONS.

Once your eyes smiled in my own with a wondrous,
 radiant glow,
 Such as always I've believed, only those who love can
 know,
 Since then I've not ceased to wish I might give you
 everything
 That a lover ever hopes to his best beloved to bring;
 Riches, honor, wealth and fame, gladly at your feet
 I'd lay,

Or, for your dear sake, sweetheart, all these things I'd
 throw away,
For there is naught that exists, which, in my eyes, can
 compare
With your loveliness and worth, for you death itself
 I'd dare.

Just a smile from your clear eyes, just a warm clasp of
 your hand,
Just a word from your sweet lips, all of my life can
 command;

All that I shall ever be, all that I can ever give,
Is yours for the taking, love, for yourself alone I live;
And I'm sure that did you know how my soul adores
 you, dear,

You would be glad that it's so,—you would want me
 always near;

Ah, if you could realize how your presence thrills my
 heart

With an ecstasy of joy, always that joy you'd impart.

Yes, there will be joy for you, and there will be joy
 for me,

Through God's gracious providence, in the days that are
 to be—

Listen to His promised word: "I'll give thee thy heart's
 desires,"

And it is your own sweet self that my soul the most
 requires;

Surely I can see the glow of love's dawning in life's sky,
As I think of your fair face, and it tells me day is nigh;
Soon, dear, (will it not be soon?) your bright smile shall
 always bless,

For the sun of bliss shall rise when you softly answer,
 "yes!"

WON'T YOU SPEAK?

Dear love, someway I've learned to think,
 It still may come to pass,
 Some day of happiness I'll drink—
 And you will be the lass
 Who shall, at length, to my lips press
 That chalice most divine,
 Which can hold nothing more or less
 Than love's own perfect wine.

So, now, my heart with faith is filled,
 Faith which I pray shall grow,
 Till by its earnestness you're thrilled—
 O, say it shall be so!
 You are so wonderfully dear,
 So beautiful to see,
 That if your life you'll let me share,
 Most blest of men I'll be.

Yes, in my heart a hope is born,
 That you'll be glad some day,
 That, after all, I need not mourn,
 Because your eyes, clear grey,
 And tender, too, late looked in mine,
 And seemed to say—"believe,
 To you my heart does now incline;"
 How could such eyes deceive?

And yet, and yet, my heart's life's breath,
 I wish you'd say you care,
 For O, my heart unto me saith,
 "You are, of maids, most fair;"
 So won't you, soon, not only look—
 Speak words of cheer to me;
 All others, for you, I've forsook—
 Won't you my sweetheart be?

CHURCH MEDITATION.

This is her church, and, too, it's mine,—that great oak
door

We both have entered oft before;
How fair its vine-clad, marble walls, and steeple tall!
How calm and still, the moon o'er all!

This is the place where she hath learned of God above,
Of heaven, and of heavenly love;
Dear child, sweet girl, she hath come here for years
gone by,
In spite of rain or clouded sky.

This is the place where first her lips were taught to say,—
“Our Father,” and to Him pray,—
Here she hath oft sung hymns of praise, oft knelt in
prayer;
Here, hath brought both her joy and care.

This is her church,—how fair to see! more fair, because,
She worships here, here learns God's laws;
Here, too, I've come for comfort, strength, “sweet hour
of prayer,”
(Most sweet it was when she was there.)

Because her feet have trod its aisles, 'tis sacred ground,
More so, since here herself I found;
The outside, true, is most dear, too, at least to me,
Since also she, its grace doth see.

By yon moon's light, it hath, this night, my love com-
pelled,
For hath it not my sweetheart held?
This vine-clad church, with slender spires, and marble
walls,
Which aye, to me, herself recalls.

Its windows beautiful, indeed, its carpet red,
 Grace all around, and overhead,
 And each carved door, from which crowds pour, when
 church is through,
 Remind me of her fair self, too.

There cometh forth so many folks, just one I see
 Among them all, and that is she;
 Then, all the week I dream about two clear grey eyes,
 Whose glances kind I did surprise.

VIOLETS.

Sweet violets! what happy flowers they must have been
 to lay
 Close to her heart, so pure and warm, and give their
 life away!
 How modestly they rested there, how fragrant was their
 scent!
 Their beauty spoke a joyous air of satisfied content.

And just as they, to her, gave all, and would have given
 more,
 So I, also, gave all I had, because "her" I adore,
 They only lived for her dear sake, I can not better do,
 Or be more wise than they have been, in being, to her,
 most true.

Yes, ever since, sweet violets I've loved for her sweet
 sake,
 They made that day with fragrance glad, and now my
 heart would break,
 If she should say she did not mean the story that they
 told,
 When, to me, she gave part of them, to bid my heart
 grow bold.

LOVE'S ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

My sweetheart,—for you are my sweetheart, though,
You never told me so, except it be
That eyes speak out, (though words come not so free;)
My soul would tell you now, how, long ago,
When first I saw your face, there came a glow
Into my heart; O, you're so fair to see!
A hope from which I may not, can not flee,
Because I long so much your love to know.

O, who can blame the earth that woos the dew?
Who wish that flowers would hide their heads from view?
Who'd ask that joy-filled birds sing not out loud?
Who can a mother blame for being proud?
So you must see, in my heart is no doubt,
Since, all I am, doth now my love speak out.

AUTUMN.

In clumps of rich, rare colors, stand the trees,
The fields, with purple asters all are draped,—
With goldenrod and morning glories, too;
(They have, from beauty's land, just late escaped;)
While apples, (gold and red,) and sun-bronzed pears,
And brown-capped nuts, in myriads, now abound;
Then, here and there, a buzzing bee is seen
To rise, and soar above the flower-decked ground.

What picture ever was so fair to see,
By artist painted, or in words conceived?
So bountiful, so beautiful, such harmony,—
Could one, who has not known, have e'er believed?
But I have seen, and so I know it's true
That art is dumb, when Nature's charms we view.

ELSIE.

She of the dark-gray, serious eyes,
 Whose hair is golden-brown,
 She who is guileless still, though wise,
 Whose love will be joy's crown,
 More rich, indeed, than any crest
 Of gold and precious stones—
 He, in whose arms herself shall rest,
 Will be blest—my heart owns.

But, O, (though I'd be well content,)
 I fear they'll not be mine!
 Because, 'twould seem, it is not meant
 I'll know bliss so divine;
 And yet, my heart will bless her still,
 So very dear is she,
 That every thought of her does thrill,
 Though mine she will not be.

Fair maid, to truth and Nature near,
 And therefore near to heaven,
 How could she e'er be aught but dear,
 Whose smile is joy's own leaven?
 That's why I may not help but write
 The happiness I'd feel,
 If she, my yearning could requite,
 And Cupid's deep wound heal.

What happy dreams some of us dream,
 What blessings nearly reach
 Unto our hearts? Until, 'twould seem
 That love is but to teach
 Our souls to long for things beyond
 The charm and grace of earth;
 Thus, Elsie makes my heart beat fond,
 And long for highest worth.

Fair Elsie, womanly always,
Angel, yet human, too,
How can I help but speak her praise,
Whose heart's both warm and true!
Although it needs must be that I
Am not her best beloved,
However much my soul may sigh
To be, by her, approved.

SAY YOU ARE REAL.

Into your eyes I look, my dear,
And I forgot all want of cheer,
All lack of happiness, for, I
Have found all blessing there, O, why
May I not, ere I waken, die—
And be content;
I listen to so sweet a voice,
It evermore must be my choice,
Where'er I go, who e'er I know;
(For I have always found it so,
Since first I listened, long ago,
To what it meant.)

Is it a dream, or is it true,
I hear your voice, and I see you?
Look up, and speak, and tell me, dear,
I am awake, and you are here;
Oh, do not, do not disappear,—
Heed my appeal!
Let me not find I am deceived,
Say 'tis no dream, fate has not weaved
A mirage to mock my delight,
And fill my life again with night;
Oh, please do not fade from my sight,—
Say you are real!

LOVE IS KING.

I have loved her, not unwisely,
 But, it might seem, all too well,
 What am I, that she should want to,
 With me dwell?
 And yet, why do all things lovely,
 Of her tell?

Soul of mine, be faith-filled, steadfast,
 True love unto me shall bring
 More than all the wealth of Indies,—
 So I sing;
 I know, some day, she shall bless me,—
 Love is king.

A GRAY DAY.

Gray is the day without, and gray's my heart within,
 A drear, drab gray, with weary undertone;
 Against the window pane—again, again, again,
 There comes the sound of rain, with weird, sad moan;
 And yet it is the harbinger of Spring,
 Of life to be;
 For, though the day is cold and gray, 'twill bring,
 Fruit fair to see;
 Sometime my heart shall cease from being sore,
 Its Winter leave,—
 Ah, then I shall be glad, when love no more
 Will let me grieve!

THE BANKS OF SHENANDOAH.

Recall that summer morning's walk,
'Cross heather and through piney wood,
O'er hill and dale,—our little talk
As by the clear, cool spring we stood;
Think of the skies which you and I
Have seen together,—and the stroll
Out through the town, which was near by,
Up to the college on the knoll;
Remember these 'mid other scenes,
When far away in time and space,
And then recall that it all means
We knew each other, such a place;
Although, alas, we meet no more
Beside the banks of Shenandoah!

Recall our ride one autumn morn,
How beautiful the day was then,
As, 'twixt great fields of ripening corn,
We rode with happy hearts, I ken;
Green were the orchards near at hand,
While far away, peak after peak
Stood out majestically grand
Above the gurgling Happy Creek.

O glorious views of Shenandoah,
Through vistas in the mountain chain!
Which, every here and there, would show
Like links of silver,—and the lane
Across fair farms where cattle low,
And groups of horses quietly roam;
I say, sometimes on these bestow
A backward look, in years to come,
And think of him who still is glad,
That once friendship like yours he had;
O lovely land of Shenandoah,
Would we two might dwell there once more!

LINES TO RUPERT BROOKE AND
ALAN SEEGER.

They both passed away 'midst the battle's fray,
But were they less noble because of their love
For the earth and the sea and the sky above?
Now their bodies lie in the silent grave,
Because they were loyal and true and brave;
Brothers of mine were they.

I wanted to go, but they said, not so,
We need young men who are supple and strong,
Who can give hard blows, and stay awake long,
Whose blood courses fast, and whose eyes are keen,
The while Satan's plans to gainsay they mean;
So, I must stay—they go.

Ay, their hearts were true, and their hands clean, too,
And everything lovely they loved on earth,
As well as that beauty of greater worth,—
The spirituelle, the sublime, the divine;
I ken how they felt near the castled Rhine,
The sky there is so blue!

There they fought and defied the vain king who lied,
Till their bodies were lost, other lives to save,
Though they loved life's beauty, and not the grave;
That's why, far from home, in the land of France,
From which to return they had such small chance;
Poets,—for truth they died.

But each left a name of undying fame,
For they both were gentle and noble men,
Whose lives were poems,—surpassing, I ken,
Even the writings which they left behind;
They loved truth and grace with body and mind,
And so our hearts love them.

THE CANNONIZATION OF KITTY DEANE.

My great-grandfather, long ago,
 Is said to have been quite a beau,
 And by his letters I can see,
 In some respects, he was like me;
 For he loved maidens wise and good,
 As I do, and as all men should;
 Nor does he badly tell, I ween,
 The love he had for Kitty Deane.

With old-time gallantry, he writes
 To her in whom his heart delights,
 In words affectionately quaint,
 Almost he makes her out a saint;
 Ah, lovers ne'er were loath to tell
 The reasons why they loved so well;
 His verses may, I think, please you,
 So listen while I read them through.

* * * * *

"My Maryland's sweet maidens are
 As fair as any in the world,
 Eastern or Western, near or far,
 Where England's banner is unfurled,
 Beneath far India's skies, or in
 The lands of Spain, the Isles of Greece,
 Now living, or that e'er have been
 In days of war, in times of peace.

And, Kitty Deane, 'tis so of you,
 Fair as your face, your mind is bright;
 Sweet as your smile, your heart is true;
 While all you do is good and right;
 And since 'tis so, please, Kitty Deane,
 May I not bring my fealty now
 And crown you of all queens, the queen,
 As to your loveliness I bow!



KITTY DEANE.

"Yet, none the less, artistic still;
Fashions may change; but goodness will,
With grace, delight beholding eyes,
In any age, beneath all skies."

Sweet Kitty Deane, neat Kitty Deane,
 Always so good and wise and bright,
 Never unkind, or cross, or mean,
 No wonder you give such delight;
 But words, I find, cannot express
 The virtues which in you I see,
 So quick to please, so glad to bless,
 Oh, Kitty, listen unto me!

I've found out that who'er comes near
 Is sure to want always to stay,
 Because you are so sweet and dear,
 In all you do, in all you say,
 Ah, Kitty Deane, be always so,—
 Unselfish, loving, gentle, true,
 And fragrant as the violets grow,
 They never can compare with you.

With longing my heart contemplates
 The beauty of your character,
 And for the time, impatient waits
 When your soft, "yes," will bliss confer;
 And your bright smile, so wondrous sweet,
 Shall make me fully realize
 That my life you have made complete,
 In you I've won earth's greatest prize.

You, who rule by love's royal power
 All hearts that in your circle move,
 Ask of me what you will that hour,
 My love to show, my faith to prove;
 I can withhold naught you desire,
 I will do anything you ask,
 So much my life you do inspire,
 Love cannot give too hard a task.

O, Kitty Deane, do not think ill
As these few lines your eyes shall read,
But rather say, sweetheart, you will
Let them my cause and wishes plead;
Say that you will not turn away,
Please let me come and crown you queen,
O, Kitty, smile on me, I pray,
Because I love you, Kitty Deane."

* * * * *

Though long since great-grandfather wrote,
These lines to Kitty Deane, I quote,
It may be you would like to know
If she did have him for a beau?
And if he married her, and they
Were always happy? So, they say,
And I am certain it is true,—
And when you've heard, you'll think so too.

My mother says, all must agree
Great-grandma was most fair to see,
And just as good a woman too
As ever anybody knew;
She was her grandma, so she'd know,
Besides great Aunt Kate says it's so,
And grandma,—well grandma admits,
That every word exactly fits.

And grandma also told to me
Some of great-grandpa's history,
Which he told her about himself,
When grandma was a little elf,
And sat upon great-grandpa's knee,
Quite early in last century;
When up in arms arose our nation
Against Great Britain's usurpation.

He volunteered from Frederick's town,
 For freedom and his State's renown,
 He risked his life—and much that meant,
 For Kitty then had giv'n consent;
 And only heaven ever knew
 How hard the parting twixt those two!
 But she was loyal, he was brave,
 If needs be, to the very grave.

And after he the foe had fought,
 Returning to his home, he wrought—
 Seeking by works, as well as love,
 His faith, and faithfulness to prove,
 And striving always to prepare
 A home for her with him to share;
 And they were happy, grandma says,
 Until the ending of their days.

Now in her letters I can spell
 More than the lines she writes so well,
 So plain and clear, and yet no space
 Is wasted there, but every place
 Is filled with wisdom and contains
 An insight that her grace explains;
 Her style and manner surely shows
 Quite as much as the matter does.

While in the letters that he wrote,
 Replying to her own, I note
 Such gentle love and kindly praise
 Such clever wit and thoughtful ways,
 I cannot but believe that he
 Was good and sweet as well as she;
 Indeed, in peace and war he proved
 He lived as nobly as he loved.

And grandma says, they loved as well
Their whole lives through, as words can tell;
Because he found that Kitty Deane
Was just as his faith had foreseen;
She says her mother was the best
That ever children's children blessed,
Though maybe she praised more their good,
Blamed less their faults than some folks would.

Besides, I've letters which tell me
How good it was their life to see,
Each thoughtful of the other's gain;
They shared alike their joy or pain;
And never either e'er thought less
About the other's happiness,
Than on the day when they said, both,
"And thereto I plight thee my troth."

* * * * *

She was of medium size and weight,
He rather slender, tall and straight,
With kindly face and gentle mien,
Not an ill match for Kitty Deane;
Though she was younger by some years,
(As in the Bible old appears,)
And she was musical, while he
Wrote poetry,—as you can see.

Lovely was she—I've seen her face—
The picture's dim, and there's a place
A British bayonet cut it through
In "1812," when it was new,
Leaving a scar, across the arm,
Which, truth to tell, does little harm;
It's fixed so skilfully, I'll own
But for the tale, 'twould not be known.

The shapely head and shell-like ear,
 Show taste and tact both quick and clear,
 The mouth, though tender, speaketh true
 And gentle firmness showeth too ;
 While soft brown hair, and bright, clear eyes,
 Her grace and courage emphasize,
 And show, by contrast, plainer still,
 Her depth of soul and power of will.

The grace and beauty of her pose,
 The classic brow and well formed nose
 They say belonged to Kitty Deane,
 All pictured here, are plainly seen ;
 The chin that shows so happily,
 Her ardour and her constancy,
 Like all her features, bringeth out
 Her loveliness beyond a doubt.

And her becoming, fit attire—
 Who could look on and not admire ?
 A little "quaint," of course, "old style,"
 Yet like herself, devoid of guile,
 But none the less artistic still ;
 Fashions may change, but goodness will
 With grace, delight beholding eyes,
 In any age, beneath all skies.

I think with me you will agree,
 Her hands could scarce more perfect be,
 And that her "air" and "attitude,"
 Confirms how fine her every mood ;
 'Tis plain to see by things like these
 Why everybody she should please,
 Why great-grandfather would prefer
 One who had such a character.

Ah, if we would but comprehend
How much on *our* acts oft depend!
How destinies of nations may
Be made by what we do today,
And how the traits our lives have worn,
May make or mar lives yet unborn,
Because they shall become heir to
The "virtues" or the "faults" we knew!

If we beyond the "now" would see,
We would more brave and constant be,
More strong to do, more wise to live,
More careful happiness to give;
We would strive characters to make,
More wholly perfect for the sake
Of those who will, for good or ill,
Be guided by our footsteps still.

* * * * *

And so it is that Kitty Deane
Is living yet, a very queen,
In hearts that may not even know
How great a debt to her they owe;
But none the less, her grace extends
Through generations, and defends
Her children's children and still shall
Of blessings be prophetical.

I bless her mem'ry, for I know,
That not in vain, long, long ago
She lived and loved in Maryland,
And with my great-grandpa she planned
Such noble lives for those who grew,
Blessed by her love, great things to do,
And many now are rightly led,
By her good traits inherited.

For through their veins now chases keen,
The warm, red blood of Kitty Deane;
Indeed, if it were not for her,
(The strange thought does to me occur,)
I scarcely now myself would be,
For Kitty Deane is part of me,
And too, I think, a nobler part,
So wise was she, so pure of heart.

Full much, in truth, I owe this maid,
Of whom great-grandpa such things said,
Who lived so beautiful a life,
And was so wise and true a wife;
Rare Kitty Deane, fair Kitty Deane,
I am right glad he crowned you queen;
And as to your good fame I bow,
I offer, too, my homage now.

And 'tis not less, because I've found
Another whose life doth abound
In virtues, and in graces too,
Just like those great-grandmother knew;
Indeed, if her charms I should state,
I only would reiterate,
What has been said of Kitty Deane,
Who was, of happiness, a queen.

For I am quite convinced, that she
Is just as bright and fair to see,
And that her eyes are just as clear,
Her voice as musical to hear,
Her deeds as good, her ways as right,
Her mind as wise; ah! if I might
But portray her whom I prefer
How beautiful the picture were.

But I cannot write lines more fit
To tell of her, I will admit,
Than great-grandfather wrote to tell
About the maid he loved so well;
In vain I've sought, in vain I'll seek,
For words that can more clearly speak;
Words are too feeble to express
The whole of "love" and "loveliness."

And now, (it scarcely need be said,)
As great-grandpa was captive led
By Kitty Deane, long, long ago,
I give my heart to this maid, too,
Hoping, like Kitty Deane, that she
Will bless my life continually,
For never will my love abate,
But rather always grow more great.

And so, some happy future day,
Some great-grandchild shall write a lay
To this dear girl, whom I adore,
This fair, sweet maid of Baltimore,
And tell how their great-grandpa, too,
Found all that was most blessed and true
In their great-grandma, long ago,
Then her name, too, all folks shall know.

For she's so good, I am apprised,
She, also, will be canonized,
By all who love the beautiful,
The wise and pure and dutiful;
I wish I now might give her name,
But it's too soon thus to acclaim
The glory of her character,—
Excepting as I've written here.

LOVE'S XEBEC.

In Egypt, 'twas, long centuries since, (well, I recall,)
 When you and I, my fair sweetheart, lived near the
 sea,

That greatest sea in all the world, (it was in Fall,)

You were a princess, I, a scribe of poetry;
 And, O, you were so good and sweet! a maiden rare
 As ever 'twas my lot to know, since time began,
 Patrician face, and soulful eyes, dark auburn hair;
 (How could I help but love you dear, being just a man.)

Do you remember how, one day, (at early eve,)

You went with me down to the quay? We took a boat,
 One of those square sail, three-mast ships 'twas, I believe,

Which, to the landing, at our call, the captain brought;
 I held your slender hand in mine more close that day,

As I helped you aboard the ship, (how fair you were,)
 Somewhat more quiet, then, I thought, than was your
 way,

(The sunset was so beautiful across the mere.)

And so we sailed, dear, you and I, (how well I know;)

Just off the coast of Africa, on that great sea,
 O, love, it is so far away and long ago!

And yet I never can forget the ecstasy;

Love's Xebec bore us, you'll recall, into a port,

The fairest 'twas, of any place I've ever seen,
 In fairyland is seemed, for love, there, held its court,

And you were more than princess, then, you were my
 queen.

Dear, I recall, as yesterday, the joyful bliss,

The wonderful contentment, then, when our lips met,
 Though it is centuries, it's true, since that first kiss,—

But, O, it was so glorious! I feel it yet;

Queer little ship which took us two those waters o'er,
I thanked the gods for you that day, in that far land,
Who took us to the port of love; O, perfect shore,
Of all the ports I've ever seen, most truly grand!

Love's Xebec 'twas, in very truth, love's ship of State,
That helped me win the dearest maid time ever knew,
And yet, perhaps, 'twas not the ship, but only fate,
But, anyway, then, I was glad, and so were you.
Long centuries, now, it's been, alas! since we two met,
Then Egypt in its zenith was,—how well I mind,—
How lone I've been, and sorrowful with sad regret,
Because, till now, in vain, I've sought yourself to find.

OCTOBER.

Along the road, the wild grapes dangle high,
The woods, illumined, Nature's charms outcry;
For 'tis the autumn of a golden year,
In which earth hath been blest with plenty's cheer;
So, now, we worship God with reverence new,—
He scattereth such joy the whole world through;
And, too, our hearts are glad, because we know,
Each year, His grace, on our earth shall bestow
The bounty of His wealth,—so that all men
May have enough till harvest comes again.

Then, shall we not give thanks, (and never cease,)
For all the riches, beauty, glory, peace,
Which overspreads our land this autumn time,
And makes the joy of living grow sublime?
So lovely are the fields, the trees, the sky,
We view, (the vista through,) as we pass by!

THE DANCING LESSON.

Lucille, I feel a rapture steal,
 O'er me, almost divine,
 When, in my arms, you place your charms,
 And your heart's next to mine,
 As, through a maze of graceful ways,
 You teach me how to dance;
 The while, I think there is no praise
 Like your approving glance.

One slender hand in mine is held,
 One on my shoulder laid,
 Yet, not by these am I compelled,
 (Though they, too, are obeyed,)
 For there's a spirit, subtler still
 Than even hands and feet,
 Which leads me, dancing, where you will,
 My friend so coyly fleet.

Hence, I obey, and go your way,
 Across the smooth waxed floor,
 So please take care, since I go where
 You lead,—ay, more and more,
 My footsteps want your own to haunt,
 (I can't but notice this,)
 For, when you show the way to go,
 Then dancing is such bliss!

And, still, Lucille, I hope you'll feel,
 My thanks are none the less,
 Because the charms of your fair arms,
 And your eyes, I confess,
 Lead my steps on and on and on,
 Exactly where you will,
 And yet, I'm never tired grown,
 Long as you're near me still.

Yes, even more I might admit,
And better might obey,
But you will guess a little bit,
Of what I'd like to say;
When close to mine, glows your fair face,
And I feel your heart beat,
For, then, earth's like another place,
Life grows so fair and sweet.

TO A ROSE.

Vainly art would seek to fashion
Anything so wondrous fair,
As thyself, O flower must glorious!
Scenting all the summer air;
But fair flower, oh, how fleeting!
Oh, how soon thy blush will pale,
And thy beauty be departed!
Oh, how soon thy fragrance fail!

And yet, rose, thou art immortal,
For have not the poets told
Of those charms, time immemorial,
Which thy perfect leaves enfold;
And shall not they still be praising
Until time shall be no more,
Thee, most lovely queen of flowers,
Whom the fairies all adore.

If not in thyself, another,
And another yet, shall take
Thy fair form and thy sweet fragrance,
And thy fame undying make;
So, thou shalt not be forgotten,
Nor fade into nothingness,
But in beauty still shall live on
Evermore the world to bless.

THE COURTSHIP.

And her eyes softly smiled in his, then,
 In a way there could be no mistaking,
 When he realized, never again,
 In his life, other love should be waking,
 Quite as dear, quite as loyal and true,
 Quite as tenderly brave and bewitching,
 And, intuitively, all his heart knew
 That her love, all his life, was enriching.

And so now, he smiles back, at herself,
 For since then, he doth always revere her,
 And he thinks there's no angel or elf,
 In attractiveness anywhere near her;
 Since her eyes have looked into his own,
 That afternoon, late last December,
 Strangely fast has his love for her grown,—
 O so sweet is her smile to remember!

She's a painting most lovely, indeed,
 Of a maiden delightfully charming,
 An engraving is he, long in need
 Of true love, to keep coldness from harming
 A heart which, one time, was all flame,
 And so, they, that evening, decided,
 All the happiness, of love, to claim,
 In a life, evermore, undivided.

She looked down from an old-fashioned frame,
 But, alas! half the time he was hidden,
 'Midst the leaves of a book, and he came
 Into view, only when he was bidden;
 Ah, it seemed, to me, always so sad,
 That a century before he'd not met her,
 For, a hundred years, then, he'd been glad;
 But I'm sure, now, he will not forget her.

O my sweetheart! I wonder if we,
Must wait, too, through a century's strictures,
Ere you will give your love to me,
After we two have both become pictures?
Won't you say, you will come right away,
Won't you smile your heart, now, into mine, dear,
And for unending centuries stay,—
If you do, life will, then, grow divine, dear.

GOLDENROD.

Do you recall that stroll we took,
When goldenrod we got?
How beautiful it was that day,
And how we plucked a lot—
And bunched it all together, yes!
Because of love or fate,
One great bouquet of golden flowers,
Which none might separate.

Symbolical, (I hope it's true,)
Of what our lives shall be,
Some day when you have tired grown
Of loving two or three,
Or maybe four, or even more,—
Since now your heart's so full
Of life and love,—with but one man
Of course it would be dull.

But, when at last it shall be so,—
Just you, and one besides,
Shall gather love in one bouquet,
I hope your heart provides,
That I shall be that other one,
Who gathers love with you,—
Like we once gathered goldenrod,
When there was just us two.

FROM SEEMING TO SIGHT.

I am dreaming of you all the night, dear,
 I am thinking of you all the day,
 The consciousness of you makes bright, dear,
 Every step that I take on life's way;
 You keep blessing, inspiring, delighting
 My heart with your charm, more and more,
 Destroying, indeed, all that's blighting,—
 Soon Eden itself you'll restore.

Yes, you are my Eve, I am certain,
 Such glad dreams I dream of you nights,
 And when the day raises night's curtain,
 You bring to my heart new delights;
 Do you wonder I want to stay near you,
 And always have you for my friend?
 That as you cheer me, I would cheer you,
 And bless all your life till life's end?

O you are so really a woman,
 That sometimes you seem like a wraith,
 And yet, you're so darlingly human,
 My heart has in you perfect faith;
 That's why I now praise and adore you,
 And fonder of you always grow,
 That's why, my sweetheart, I implore you
 Will, on me, your heart's love bestow.

Ah, yes, I dream of you asleep, dear,
 And too, I think of you awake,
 Always my soul braver you keep, dear,
 Always my life sweeter you make;
 And so I'll continue still dreaming,
 And thinking of you day and night,
 Until, what one time seemed but seeming,
 Shall change from just seeming to sight.

FOR SHE'LL NOT BE DENIED.

I have three friends of witching grace,
And each one's wondrous dear,
And quick of wit and fair of face,
So each one giveth cheer,
And so I love them all, indeed,
Since all are worthy love,
Ay, any one might fill the need
My heart's so conscious of.

But, oh, how may I really know
Which maid for me is best,
And that she will forever grow
More precious than the rest?
I can't tell now, at least for sure,—
So different are they,—
Still one, I feel it's true, can cure
My heart, so cured 'twill stay.

One has brown eyes and gold-brown hair,
One's eyes and hair are dark,
The third one's eyes and hair are fair,
While each one's smile's a spark
That sets my heart aglow with love,
When with her I'm alone;
All, (do you wonder?) I approve,
Though I'd be glad for one.

Because, whichever one is near,
A happiness confers
Which makes me feel that she's so dear,
Most gladly I'd be hers;
Say, what am I to do, ah, me?
I know,—they shall decide
Which one I'll love best of the three,—
For she'll not be denied.



"All, (do you wonder?) I approve,
Though I'd be glad for one."

What woman, who shall truly love,
 May not her love attain?
 If her affection she shall prove,
 Not oft she'll love in vain;
 For, after all, 'tis woman who
 Loves with a love so great,
 That she it is, (is it not true?)
 Most oft decides man's fate.

WHEN NO ONE ELSE IS NEAR.

It's "Margaret, you're beautiful,"
 It's "Margaret, you're dear,"
 That I am saying to myself,
 When no one else is near;
 But when her fair, sweet face I see,
 Then diffident I'm grown,
 Although she's all the world to me,—
 Deep in my heart I own.

It's "Margaret, you're glorious,
 You're darling, you're divine,"
 And so I'd offer unto her
 All of this heart of mine;
 But when the fragrance of herself
 Comes closest, 'tis then I
 Cannot express my glad content,
 However hard I try.

For, oh, it seems so little I
 Unto her life could add!
 That I'm afraid she'd not be pleased
 Though all myself she had;
 And so I just can look at her,
 And, (deep down in my heart,)
 Wish that I could—she is so dear—
 All good to her impart.

SO GRACIOUS YOU ARE.

O my best beloved! could I make you see
The deep, sweet content which you bring to me,—
Could I make you listen, and understand
How complete, in my sight, you have been planned,—
Could I make you know how much I desire
To inspire your heart as mine you inspire,
With a joy more glad than just happiness,—
Then, with your dear love, would *you* my life bless?

Your lot, rich or poor, with mine would you cast?
And would you stay with me until the last?
Be flesh of me, blood of me, my soul's twin,
Each helping the other all good to win?
Be breath of me, pulse of me, Eve restored?
Be my one great treasure, my sure reward?
Then bliss the most blest, most wondrous delight,
And peace the most perfect shall us requite.

So gracious you are, so wise and so true,
The world were well lost could I but win you,
With your brave strong soul, and your warm, pure heart!
Then please come quickly, and no more depart!
Your spirit's so rare and your body's so fair,
With you there's no treasure I can compare,—
Ah, your touch, your voice, the glance of your eyes,
For me are the gateways to Paradise.

So much and so sorely yourself I need,
I beg you now listen, and my prayer heed;
You who are, of all earth, to me most dear,
Let your gracious presence all my life cheer;
Oh, would that I could make you see it's so,
The stream of all blessing, for me, you flow!
For then you would surely assuage the thirst
Which my soul has known since I saw you first.

ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth, I'd love to write
Some song your heart to reach,
So much my own heart you delight,
To me, such joy you teach,
By smiles, by words, by what you will,
Because, no matter what
You do, or say, I am pleased still;
How can I love you not?

Elizabeth, if you will care,
Or care not, still shall I
Know, of all maids, you are most fair,
And ever for you sigh,
As heaven destined I should do,
You are so dear to me;
Because, Elizabeth, you're you,
I render fealty.

Elizabeth, somehow, some day,
By some charm, or some art,
There must, indeed, be some blest way,
By which to reach your heart;
And so I'm seeking to find it,—
Dear sweetheart, if you know,
Won't you help, just a little bit,
That way, to me, to show.

Ah, if you'll care, Elizabeth,
I'll never cease to praise,
As long as words last, and I've breath,
For I'll love you always;
But words, alas! are O, so weak,
My longing to express!
Dear, won't you hear all-I-am, speak,
Striving yourself to bless?

I MISS YOU SO.

Oh, no! I don't blame you, dear friend,
Who have been mine,—but rather I
Thank you that once you did extend
Your confidence without alloy;
I know your heart was glad those days,
(So much I loved to be with you,)
Then you would smile, pleased with the praise
Your beauty from my heart outdrew.

But, I do miss you, dear, although
'Twould seem that you've forgotten, quite,
You once loved me—and told me so—
Nay, not in words, yet, I am right;
For you were glad when I was near,
(One time I'm certain that you were,)
Your very presence gave such cheer,
I could not but yourself prefer.

Alas, now you have angry grown,
And turned away,—yet, truth to tell,
You do me wrong,—I am undone
Through no fault of my own,—ah, well
I'll not complain, because, once, I,
By you were praised, you were “my friend,”
“God bless you,” dear, that means, “good-bye!”
Yet, I shall care unto life's end.

Yes, I miss you, of course, I do,
To me you always were so kind,
(It must be so, since you were you,)
And I was not to your grace blind;
But, now that you have turned away,
And I may neither hear, nor see,
Nor talk to you in the old way,—
Sweetheart, how could it different be?
I miss you so.

SINCE SHE IS COME.

Now she is come, of whom I've dreamed so long,
And thought about, and written of in song,—
My ideal, true and beautiful and good,
Who is the acme, too, of every mood
That's filled with tenderness and joy and love;
In her I most delight, of her approve,
Since she is all I've longed for, and desired,—
All that affection sought or truth required.

What Eve to Adam was, long, long ago,
What Rachel unto Jacob was, I know
She is to me—yes, it is really true,
She's all that Ruth to Boaz ever grew;
So fair and good, so perfect she has proved,
My heart with fondest fondness she has moved;
So, now, for her I live, for her alone,
Who is, by heaven's decree, my very own.

No words can ever tell the wondrous grace
Of all her charms, the beauty of her face;
The wisdom of her heart, so pure and true,
In things she does, and those she does not do;
All these, and every thought and way of hers,
My soul adores, my mind the most prefers,
Because she always was, and is, I know,
And always shall be mine, as I am hers, also.

Now that she's come, and smiled back smile for smile,
And I have seen her heart—free from all guile—
Look through the dearest eyes that ever were
Upon this earth, (since they are part of her,)
And heard her voice, (the loveliest, I'm sure,
That ere passed human lips, it is so pure;)

I am so glad,— so much her charms do bless,—
I strive in vain to voice my happiness.

For after all, no one can ever tell
The wonder and the grace where love doth dwell,—
So that some other heart can understand,—
Unless they, too, have loved, and love command;
Sorrow and pain and trial we all must bear,
But love sublime, alas, all may not share;
So I'm most blest of men, since she is come,
Who, to my life, means joy and peace and home.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

Life here is a voyage—a journey—
A lone path—a crowded highway,
On which we must keep always going,
As long as on this earth we stay;
And while we go on, we must carry
Our human needs, by day and night,
Until we shall reach Heaven's harbor
And step on the shores of delight.

True, the Master may ease the burden,
And hope may brighten the road,
And faith may point out the pathway
Which leads the most quickly to God;
But our own backs must bear the burden
And our own feet must tread the way,
For no one else can live life for us,
Or can, for us, God's will obey.

Aye, every one of us, being human,
Must carry our own load, indeed,
No matter how great or how weighty
Or pitiful may be our need;

And not only so, but a battle,
 A strife, and a struggle, is life,
 Yet, thus we are strengthened, developed,
 And fitted for joy without grief.

For after the brave sacrificing,
 And after the work and the war,
 And after the cross and the burden,
 We see, looming up from afar,
 At the end of life's steep, rugged pathway,
 Which seemed to us so rough and long,
 The gates of that beautiful city
 Where dwelleth all gladness and song.

Having grown pure and perfect through sorrow,
 And weariness and pain, we know
 At last through love's gates to God's glory
 (By the way of the Christ) we shall go;
 And the road, (after all, not all desert,)
 Shall end in our heavenly home,
 In a country where grief is unheard of,
 For God's kingdom then shall have come.

ABSENCE.

Perfect azure's the sky, the clouds' softest grey,
 Most truly the day's wondrous fine,
 But, you, alas! from me, are so far away,
 Drab colored is this heart of mine;
 For I can't see yourself, I can only see
 The charm of the ambient air,
 And the place, near my side, where you ought to be,—
 For, then, everything would be fair.

Fragrant flowers and fresh fruits scent the atmosphere,
 To and fro thrush and robin fly

From tree top to tree top,—with glad songs they cheer
Each other, and they never sigh;
Yet it's true, none the less, that my heart is sad,
I am lonely and weary, too,
In spite of all Nature being happy and glad,—
For still my heart's longing,—for you.

There's a rare, sweet charm in the atmosphere,
Perfect azure's the sky, fair's the day,
Joyful birds overflow with songs of glad cheer,
Each singing its loveliest lay;
And, yet, O my darling! I'm not satisfied,
Since all my heart's yearning for you,—
To hear you, caress you, aye, with you abide
The years of eternity through.

SOLACE.

Each day, as on the busy street,
I hasten here and there,
Full many kinds of trial I meet,
And many kinds of care;
Mistakes which I myself have made,
Of peace may be the thief,—
Sad trouble follows like a shade,
And night brings small relief.

Deep, knotty problems, hard to solve,
Annoy, delay, perplex,
Wrongs 'round about my life revolve,
Which tire and pain and vex;
But, in my heart, one little space
Is filled with hope and praise,—
For there I have enshrined the face
Of her I'll love always.

THE VISIT.

Beneath great overhanging elms,
 Along a country lane,
 Beside which runs a babbling brook,
 I gladly take my way
 To where a vine-clad cottage stands,
 Which calls me not in vain,
 Since therein dwells a maiden fair,—
 More fair than words can say.

She's pure of heart—as her face shows—
 With sweet voice and clear eyes,
 And every other way she's fair
 As any maid can be,
 And so I walk the old slate path,
 Which by the roadway lies,
 With eager hope, soon, in her home,
 Her dear self I shall see.

Right happy it will make my heart,
 To take her by surprise;
 In any way, indeed, to find
 That she is waiting there,—
 Alas, she may not wait, it's true!
 How sad to realize,—
 Since, near herself, I'm, oh, so glad!
 She is so sweet and fair.

I'm loath to leave, although the sky
 Is lit by stars most bright,
 And though the country's beautiful
 Along that peaceful lane;
 Slow I walk back, 'neath those great elms,
 That perfect summer's night,
 Already dreaming of the hour
 She bade me come again.

LOVE'S RED ROSE.

Yes, this rose she sent to me,
Leaves still green and petals red,
This blue ribbon, (as you see,)
Still holds fast the words she said;
You can read them on the card,—
Certainly they're very kind;
Altogether, my reward
Is not little,—well, I mind!

Rose, ah, rose, if you could speak,
Would you tell me more, or less?
Would you make me bold, or meek?
Would your tale dismay, or bless?
I'm inclined to think that you,
Since you came without duress,
Would say, (what I'm sure is true,)
She had no thought to distress.

So I'm well pleased, (as I've said,)
And I wish she'd send some more,
Of an even deeper red,
For red roses I adore;
And of all the kinds I know,
None as fragrant quite can be,
As the kind she doth bestow,
Or once did bestow on me.

It was summer, I recall,
When, to me, this red rose came,—
Now that it is late in fall,
Does she still feel just the same?
How am I to know, unless,
She shall send a rose again?
Then, ah, then I may confess,
What, to me, a rose can mean.

For she is, (so my heart says,)
 Lovelier than any rose,
 More deserving of all praise,—
 She's the rarest flower that grows;
 That is why it is that I,
 Hope that sometime soon she'll send
 That for which my heart doth sigh,—
 What the red rose doth portend.

THE GOWN.

O soft white frock with sash of gold!
 Made just to hold my lady tender;
 How much I wish my arms might fold,—
 Close as you will,—her waist so slender;
 For she's as dainty as she's dear,
 In whatsoever garb she dresses,
 But, in your white and gold, it's clear
 She'll be divine, my heart confesses.

So, now, I'm going to write and ask,
 That when she wears you she will tell me,
 And in your radiance let me bask,
 E'en though her charms will then compel me
 To try and tell how fair she grows,
 How dear she is, and how delightful;
 Already, though, I think she knows
 I bring her homage true and rightful.

O soft white frock with sash of gold!
 I must admit it pleased me greatly
 The beauty of you to behold,
 When first she showed you so sedately;
 But, now, I'm hoping, soon, indeed,
 My eyes shall see her wearing of you;
 Ah, then, for words, there'll be no need,
 For she will see why most I love you.

GRETCHEN.

Someone has taken away my heart,
And, oh, I can not find it!
But that is not the hardest part—
They left an ache behind it;
A pain which I can scarce endure,
A gap which nothing closes,
A wound no skill now seems to cure,
Which hope, thus far, proposes.

I think 'twas Gretchen stole my heart,
For when I see or hear her,
It seems to come back with a start,
And stay long as I'm near her;
But, sure as she shall disappear,
Its warmth and joy both leave me,
And in their place, comes want of cheer,
And everything to grieve me.

If aught else had the same effect,
I might not thus locate it,
And this assumption I'd reject,
Or hesitate to state it;
But now it surely seems to me,
Fair Gretchen is the sinner,
And that there's but one remedy,—
Which is, in truth, to win her.

For my heart's grown of Gretchen part,
Hence, severing it, would kill it,
While this sore place, which held my heart,
Might heal if she would fill it;
Yes, Gretchen's charmed my heart away,
No longer can I doubt it,
But if, for it, with hers she'll pay,
I'll say no more about it.

THEIR ABSENCE IS SUCH WOE.

"Your bright eyes haunt me still," how true,
 How like that long ago,
 When some one wrote, because he knew
 That woe which, now, I know;
 But she is gone of whom he spake,
 While you, dear heart, are here,
 My soul to happiness to wake,
 To fill my life with cheer.

And so you do when I'm with you,
 For then your eyes haunt not,
 Rather, it's true, hope they renew,
 And all fear is forgot;
 They only haunt when you're away,
 For then I am distressed,—
 Ay, every day's a dreary day,
 When by them I'm not blessed.

That's why, sweetheart, when you're not near,
 "Your bright eyes haunt me still,"
 They are so wondrous kind and clear,
 With dreams of bliss they thrill;
 That's why their absence I deplore,
 Their inspiration seek,
 They hold of joy so great a store,
 All they mean I can't speak.

Ah, yes, they haunt when you're away,—
 It will always be so,—
 That's why for their return I pray,
 Their absence is such woe;
 O eyes so glorious in my sight,
 Please smile once more in mine,
 And fill my soul with all delight!
 Heav'n into my heart shine!

MY HEART'S DESIRE.

O love that guards my heart from harm,
And will not let me wrongly speak!
O love so pure and true and warm,
For lack of which my life is bleak!
I wonder when your face I'll see,
And feel your hand within my own,
And know that you live just for me?
I need you so,—won't you come soon?

None but yourself my need may stay,
Though this one has a presence fair,
And that one has a generous way,
And some, with me, their lives might share;
Might bring me riches and delight,
Or even help me on to fame;
But, nay! till my life you make bright,
My heart may not love's Eden claim.

And so, O love! still lone I live,
Though days, yes, years are passing by,
For how could I your portion give
To one whom 'twould not satisfy?
Quick as you can, then hasten on,
My heart's desire, my destiny!
Before, alas, that joy is gone,
Which was made just for you and me!

DESTINY.

It's not what I'd ask, nor yet what you'd give,
For still I must love you as long as I live,
And, afterwards, when you have gone up above,
My heart will still bring you its unceasing love.

ELINORE.

I plucked today, and put away, with greatest care,
A souvenir, my heart to cheer; how soft and fair
This thread of gold, which now I hold within my hand;
It is so small, and yet, withal, great to command.

From henceforth I may not deny, I must obey,
For over me I now can see love's wondrous sway;
This lock of gold I was so bold, unasked, unknown,
With force to break, and then to take it for my own.

I had not seen its glossy sheen before, and yet,—
While life shall last, till time is past, I'll ne'er forget;
This thread of gold my heart shall hold more fast than
steel,—
So small a thing will make hearts cling for woe or weal.

Its wave has wound my life around, forevermore,
It, from today, binds me alway to Elinore;
Oh, girls that wear such wondrous hair, if you but knew,
What one gold thread from off your head, would make
men do!

THE STORM KING.

Cool breezes blow, and all the sun-kissed trees
Swing to and fro, in unison sublime,
To greet the great Storm King,—while birds and bees,
And every living thing, harks to its rhyme;
A mightier song than ever poet wrote,
The Storm King sings,—divine its every note;
Ay, even the sun bows low and hides its glorious face,
The while the Storm King holds the earth in his embrace.

COMMENCEMENT ROSES.

How sweet this rose she gave to me!
(Her own commencement rose,)
'Tis wonderfully fair to see,—
This flower for me she chose;
But, somehow, my heart has a fear,
(She's grown so fair to view,)
More seldom will her presence cheer
Than once it used to do.

Soon she'll aspire more to attain
Than I can hope to give,
And so I fear herself in vain,
To satisfy, I'll strive;
But, still it's true, (well my heart knows,)
She is most dear to me,—
The fairest, sweetest, loveliest rose
My eyes shall ever see.

WINTER.

Grim, bare and stark, the ancient forest leers
Against the sky, where lowering clouds are seen,
And, here and there, a crow sometimes appears,
As we drive down the road where autumn's been,
But is not now, (though it shall be again,)
To fill the barns with bountiful supply;
But now we look for growing crops in vain,
(The time for flowers and fruits has long gone by.)

And, yet, the day is beautiful, because,
Things know no want of grace, no broken laws,
But only calm content,—void of all art,—
The pure expression of earth's sinless heart;
For, back of all, and underneath the whole,
We know God's grace is still of earth the soul.

SO MUCH YOU CAPTIVATE.

O, love, if you would only lay
 Your head upon my breast,
 And listen gladly while I say,—
 I love you most and best!
 For you are dearer and more sweet,
 Than all else that I know,
 Ay, you are loveliness complete,
 Yet, always, lovelier grow.

Dear one, if you would let me clasp,
 Your fair form in my arms,
 Let me, in love, your dear hand grasp,
 And still your heart's alarms,
 How wondrous happy I should be,
 How filled with fond content!
 Then won't you come, now, unto me,
 As heaven always meant?

I want you, oh, I want you so!
 But, I want all of you,
 For I know, ah, how well I know,
 That you are good and true,
 And more than worthy everything
 That I can do or give,
 (E'en though, I were earth's mightiest king;)
 And so for you I live.

I love you, in my heart of hearts,
 Deep and sincere and true,
 Your soul, unto my soul, imparts
 A joy naught can subdue,
 But in my arms, close to my breast,
 I want to fold you, dear,
 And I want you to find, there, rest,
 And love's most perfect cheer.

For after all, here, human hearts
Must feel the heart's strong beat;
That warmth which pulsing blood imparts,
Love's gladness to complete;
And so I long to hold you fast,
My heart's joy, my soul's mate,
You head content upon my breast,—
So much you captivate.

MY MARYLAND.

My Maryland! bright, merry land,
Beyond expression dear!
I know there is no fairy land,
No country e'er by genii planned,
So filled with all good cheer;
Dear land of tenderness and love,
Bless'd land of joy and beauty,
Thy virtues all men must approve,—
Brave land of faith and duty!

Thy mountains grand and lowlands green
Bring wealth and plenty forth,
No fairer State was ever seen
Than thou—who sittest like a queen
Between the South and North;
Thy sons, (so my heart has confess'd,)
Are noblest and most true;
Thy daughters are the loveliest
That e'er in this world grew.

A land of promise thou art sure,
With milk and honey flowing,
A land whose air is soft and pure,
A Canaan that shall aye endure,—
In greatness ever growing;

That land of all lands on this earth
 Where my heart beats the lightest,—
 O land of happiness and worth,
 Where sunshine gleams the brightest!

Here—where my fathers wrought and fought,
 And lived—and loved—and died,
 Here, where the breath of life I caught
 And of the love of God was taught,
 How bless'd it is to bide;
 For, oh! thy fields the fairest are,
 Thy hills and dales the dearest,
 Thy skies are bluest—and each star
 Shines over thee the clearest.

Glad are the streams that through thee flow,
 Smooth are thy broad bay's waters;
 All good on thee God doth bestow,
 But better than all else, I trow,
 Are thy brave sons and daughters;
 Dear land of liberty and peace,
 Of happiness and glory,
 There never was a lovelier place
 In truth,—nor yet in story.

O God of nations! God of love!
 God of the brave and free!
 May Maryland forever prove
 The noblest land this earth knows of,—
 Wealth filled, yet true to Thee;
 From everglade to ocean wave,
 O land that I adore!
 Thee, from all evil may God save,
 And bless thee evermore.

THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS.

How beautiful they were, I sigh,
Those sweethearts I have known
Through all the years that have gone by,
And yet,—I'm still alone,—
Alone on Christmas day, none heed
Whether or not I'm glad,
None give that care so much men need
To keep them from being sad.

How shapely were their smooth white arms?
How bright their clear eyes grew!
How very many were their charms!
What perfect grace they knew!
But years have passed, and I am still
Alone on Christmas day,
Not one girl near my heart to thrill,—
They all are far away.

One time 'twas different, then they charmed,
And were pleased, too, with me,
Their gracious kindness my heart warmed,
In days that used to be;
My life with happiness they crowned,
How well I can recall!
They wanted me to come around,—
And then I loved them all.

But, oh, it's sad when life goes by,
And joys get further off!
Then, how we long for friends, and sigh,
And wish again for love!
But, love, alas, comes not again!
Even old friends forget,
And so, good-bye! I'll not complain,—
But, oh, I do regret!

* * * * *

What's that? the Parcel Post, you say?
 A package come,—for me?
 A woman's writing? all the way
 From down South,—can it be?
 Why, yes, it's Lucy's picture, framed,
 Sent with all Lucy's love,—
 And Easter week's the time she's named,—
 What joy the world's made of!

TO THEE ALONE.

No other maid is fair, as thou, sweetheart,
 No other wealth's as rare,—so dear thou art;
 I love thee tenderly, thy fair sweet face,
 Thy deep sincerity, thy truth and grace.

All that thou art and dost, is wise and good,
 Win thee, O love, I must, whate'er thy mood;
 And when I do, to live, then, shall be blest,
 Only thy love can give, to my heart, rest.

So joyous is the thought, what must it be,
 Surely to know, love taught, thou'lt come to me;
 So I am waiting, now, for thee, my own!
 To thee, my heart shall bow, to thee, alone.

WHY?

And since there is no other time, it's true,
 I may not live in moments gone, nor yet
 In days to come, but only now,—then why
 Tomorrow dread? or yesterday regret?
 Since Thou, Who art all good, and aye shall be,
 Each moment, without end, dost bide with me,
 Eternally!

LUCY.

I ask not you'll remember, I know you can't forget
Those perfect days one summer, that summer we two
met;

How gladly I recall still, your eyes alluring gray,
So clearly love they pictured, that it will always stay,
I'm sure then more than friendship would not have been
a task,

And since I am so certain, I can not help but ask
You'll not forget, but rather, in coming years still true
To memories of that summer, think of them as I do.

Think of the hills and valleys, 'midst which so often we,
In that good, pleasant country, together used to be,
I often shall, I could not forget them if I would,
They almost seemed part of you, they were so fair and
good;

Think of the Blue Ridge Mountains, which then by heart
we knew,

Most picturesquely rugged, with their soft peaks of blue,
Which loomed up in the distance,—majestic, noble,
grand—

No matter where we rambled in that love-lighted land.

Think, when we rode among them, how beautiful their
green,

With here and there a gaunt pine a coming in between,
How the shade of some stray cloudlet made pictures on
their side,—

Of the cool spring, by the old lane, not over straight
or wide,

Where we could see the river,—how placid was its flow,
How glad the twilight's quiver across the Shenandoah,
Along whose banks at dusk, dear, so happily we rode,—
Think of the meadow pathway one weird, dark night we
trode.

Alas, one sad thought lingers which I can not forget,
 As long as life shall last, dear, 'twill bring my heart
 regret,
 You did not let me tell you what most I wanted to,
 And so, and so—we parted, though well my heart loved
 you;
 And, oh, the splendid years lost! and, oh, the waste of
 joy!
 Since, up there in Virginia,—when I was but a boy,—
 You turned your face away, dear, and we ne'er met again,
 Though never I've forgotten, your fair self, well, I ken.

L'ENVOY.

Once more I've heard about you, and so these lines I
 write,
 To let you know, without you, life's lost that strange
 delight
 I found in old Virginia when first I met you there,—
 Perhaps, I might yet win you; that is,—if you still care?

WON'T YOU COME?

I am glad to admit since your smile my life lit,
 There is no one so fair in my sight, dear,
 Or so lovely and true, or so perfect as you,
 Who are my desire and delight, dear,
 But it's hard I must stay so long from you away,
 When all my soul wants to caress you,
 And I know other men come again and again,
 Who'd not die, as I would, to bless you.

So I come and I plead, won't you listen and heed,
 And before it's too late won't you change, dear,
 For life often is sad when it ought to be glad;
 What matters who shall say, "it's strange," dear?

Why let vanity speak? Why not happiness seek?

Though the whole world is talking, what matters?
There's no balm earth can make, that can heal one heart-
break,

Or bring back one hope gossip shatters.

Then, dear heart, while you may, use your own mind,
I pray,

Whoever shall try to alarm you;
Be your own true, wise self, and no goblin or elf,
Nor anything, ever, can harm you;
If you care, why not dare to yourself be fair,
And put want and wrong to confusion?
Every real joy passed by, every sorrow and sigh,
Is a crime or a foolish delusion.

Still, I'll come, or I'll go, as you wish me to do,—
For the whole world I wouldn't distress you;
If you say,—I'll forget, though I die of regret,—
Though you racked me with pain, still I'd bless you;
But why fill me with fear, when you might fill with cheer?
Unless I am troubling or grieving,—
Then I ask not to stay, rather send me away
Without any thought of reprieving.

Yes, I want you,—it's true,—if you'll just want me, too,
I'll bless your life over and over,—
For my heart holds a place sacred to your fair face,
Which only yourself can discover;
So I'd welcome you there, if you'd care and you'd dare
To enter and be my delight, dear,
And I'd strive so to live that you never would grieve;
Won't you come? how I wish that you might, dear!

BALTIMORE.

Rare gem of the Chesapeake's waters,
 Glad home of contentment and worth,
 How right that her sons and her daughters,
 Are welcomed and loved throughout earth;
 Far famed are the deeds and the daring
 Of her children, in peace and war,
 Her blessings with all the world sharing;
 O city beloved, "Baltimore"!

Our Baltimore, Maryland's glory,
 Great storehouse of riches and might,
 We love thee, work for thee, adore thee,
 Thou city of charm and delight!
 And never shall our souls forget thee,
 While memory in us shall live,
 Or aught from our hearts alienate thee,
 Such beauty in thee we perceive.

O city by plenty surrounded,
 Dear pride of a bountiful land,
 Which, ever, has evil confounded,—
 Most wisely and wondrously planned;
 For goodness and kindness commended,
 On many hills built to God's praise,—
 His blessing has her work attended,
 He cares for her welfare always.

Fair city! the marvelous dwelling
 Of hundreds of thousands of souls,
 The world's praise and homage compelling,
 While year after year o'er her rolls;
 O wonderful city of learning,
 Of culture, charm, music and art,
 The light of all these in her burning,
 The homes of the people her heart!

In the midst of earth's Eden God placed her,
And so she in triumph grew great,
With wealth and delight His love graced her,
And not soon shall her power abate;
But greater, and wiser, and better,
She surely shall grow more and more,
Until she outbursts every fetter,—
O city far famed, "Baltimore!"

MEN THAT HOPKINS SENT.

It's not alone in Oxford town
That heroes are being found,
That careless boys have ceased to play,
And quiet lingers 'round;
For Hopkins' men have khaki donned,
The cap and gown forgot,
And gone off to the fields of France,
Where Freedom's war is being fought.

We sent them to where Oxford sent
Her best men long ago,
We know some never will return,
With Oxford's men 'tis so,
But as they march those fields of blood
The world from wrong to free,
We pray, "God keep our Hopkins' men
Who fight beyond the sea."

God bless you, loyal Hopkins' men,
Who went from Baltimore,
Prepared to sacrifice your lives
To end this wicked war;
And when it's won, "My Maryland,"
Old Hopkins' chimes will play
Ovation to her sons come back,
Requiem to those who stay.

SOME FADED FLOWERS.

Long, long ago these flowers, all faded now,
 Were pressed between the leaves of this old book;
 Who plucked them first, I wonder? and did he
 Think of their meaning as he gathered them?
 This pansy, and the white rose, and the red,
 And other flowers that once were beautiful,
 And placed them, one by one, in this bouquet,
 Which has lain here, all flattened out and dead,
 For years and years?

And was the garden quaint
 From whence they came? and was it fair to see,
 Like one I knew long since, and far away?
 Ah, I recall it as 'twere yesterday
 When I was there last time—the gabled house
 Set in the midst of apple trees, whose trunks
 Were split from age, or wealth of golden fruit;
 And here and there a cedar or a pine,
 With other trees grew scattering roundabout
 The close-cropped lawn of richest, freshest green;
 A chestnut near the gate, close by the fence,
 Which ran along the old turnpike; and vines—
 The honeysuckle and the passion flower—
 Which shaded all the porch, a natural screen,
 Behind which many a time I've sat and seen
 The travelers pass by; while overhead,
 At one end of the portico, there climbed
 Virginia creeper, where the entrance was,
 And made a natural arch, (yes, it was in
 Virginia's sun-kissed land.)

And then I mind
 That all along the house, upon one side,
 A bed of roses grew the summer through—

Pure white, and pink, and yellow, and red ones—
All throwing out the fragrant, sweet perfume
Which only roses give. And there were, too,
Some hollyhocks that mixed between and grew
Beside the house; betwixt which and the gate,
Some fifty feet from either, I recall
A circle of bright, blooming summer flowers—
Geraniums and yellow marigolds,
And ragged-robins and forget-me-nots,
Daisies and fuschias, all in one fair bed,
While snow-upon-the-mountains raised its head
Above the rest, as common things will do
If given half a chance; while rarest ones,
We know, oft hide themselves.

And other flowers

There were, I do not now recall, but all
In rich profusion blent harmoniously.
Still other beds of flowers and boxes were
Upon the other side the house. There was
A tub within which water-lillies bloomed;
They were perhaps of all the flowers most fair
And fragrant. But enough of this side talk!
What of these flowers before me pressed long since?
Did he who gathered them make no complaint,
(Though they were fresh and fair and fragrant then,)
Of their not being fair enough for her
Who he intended should have them? Was he
A stripling youth, or one of broader girth,
With deeper feeling and mind more mature?
I think of him as of a medium height,
Not over five feet ten, or thereabout;
Rather inclined to be of slender build,
And likelier under than above the weight
Of men of such a stature, with a head
Of noble shape and size, and carried well.

One rather long than broad, with forehead high,
 And pleasant to look on. And if his eyes
 Were brown, bright with the hidden fire of love,
 And earnest and sincere and frank their look,
 With eyebrows dark and arched and lashes long,
 While brown his hair, and fine, and not too straight,
 I would not be surprised; nor that he had
 A mouth of generous size, with cushioned lips,
 And a suspicion of a drawing up
 About the corners, and a drawing down
 Beneath the nose, which was not small nor large,
 But well defined. And then the whole face had
 A look of confidence and gentleness,
 Not heavy, neither shallow, but withal
 Rather sedate—and generous and kind;
 While pure of life was he and wise of mind,
 Thoughtful and full of love to her for whom
 These flowers were gathered.

Did he upon them breathe
 A blessing, speak a prayer to Him above,
 That they might be the means of pleasing her,
 And telling her she was his dearest love,
 Ere he gave them to her? (Or were they pressed
 And never given? alas!) Ah, what old tale
 Could they tell now, had they but words to speak!
 What tender thoughts and recollections fond!
 How many happy bygone hours were pressed
 Between their leaves by her who got them then?
 How did she stand and look on them arrayed
 In colors bright and fresh when first they came?
 What was she like, I wonder? and did she
 Love him as he did her, this maiden fair,
 Who lived so long ago?

I fancy her
 Of medium build, one rather plump, and yet

A plaint, graceful girl, say five feet, six,
Or thereabouts, in heighth, with head erect,
And carriage like the panther or the lion,
Or maybe I should say more like the fawn.
In weight, nine stone or less perhaps was she;
Her hands like to herself, though slender, strong,
And with a firm, warm touch and full of life,
So that they would electrify your heart;
Her face of oval type, and soft gray eyes,
Or violet, perhaps, but pure and clear—
A tender, soulful light aye shining forth
(Which only purity and wisdom give)
From their clear depths. Her ears like two pink shells,
And like her nose, aristocratic, too;
Her mouth, though firm, yet not severe, and bowed
By Cupid; rather full the lips, and red—
Of goodly size, to show her strength and love,
Yet not too large, for that would coarseness prove,
Her teeth all perfect and of ivory white;
Her voice most sweet and pleasant to the ear,
Its cadence soft and low and musical,
But gently and decisively she speaks.
A Christian girl, yet full of life and fun—
I have now in my mind just such a one—
Most generous and happy in her ways,
Still dignified, as such a girl should be.
'Twas such a maid, methinks, received these flowers
When they were fresh, and bended over them
With looks of tenderness; and afterward,
When they began to fade and would not live ,
'Twas she who pressed them, not for their own sake
So much as for the giver's—now unknown.
In after years I find them here; once more
They see the bright daylight.

But who was he
That gave, and she that took and pressed them here?

And did they really love each other then?
And were they wedded afterward or not?
Or, like these faded flowers, was love forgot
As years went by?

Ah, well, I cannot tell!
And so good-by, poor, faded flowers! Some day
Some other eyes than mine may look on you
And wonder, as I do, what tale you knew,
And they may find another story here
That I have not discovered, it may be.
But of one thing I'm sure—and that is this—
One time your fragrance gave, to some one, bliss.

HOPE DEFERRED.

An added longing, each new year,
Comes to my heart, grown sad and drear
So anxiously awaiting her
Who shall love me,—whom I'll prefer;
An added sorrow shades my life,
An increased weariness in strife;
Because I come and go alone,
Life seems a cry, a sigh, a moan.

I pray there will not always stay
This yearning for a happier day,
This sadness and this weariness,
Of hope deferred and growing less;
Like some lone bird without its mate,
I pine and pine, and wait and wait,—
And ever comes my heart again,
Back to its longing and its pain.

THE COUNTRY CLUB INN AT BELAIR.

Just as old, and serene, and quaint as they tell,
Is the *Country Club Inn*, at Belair;
In Provincial times built, with English air,
'Twas called, then, "The Eagle Hotel!"
In the year of grace, seventeen hundred, eighteen,
It was planned well its part to play;
For it's still a most excellent Inn today,
With its low, spread-out rooms, and colonial stairway,
And a welcome to make one vain.

The grave dignity's there of a ripe old age,
Yet, its atmosphere is not bleak;
Ah, what tales it could tell if it might but speak,—
They would thrill and charm you, I'll wage;
Indians, pioneers, huntsmen, lived near, days of yore,
And oft prairie wagons stopped there,
On their Western trail bound, when Maryland fair,
(How great and how fair I've not space to tell here,)
Reached to Mississippi's far shore.

What memories linger of party and feast,
Of wise, gentle dames and great men,
Who, passing by, stayed with mine host now and then,
And thus its fame ever increased;
There, Washington at times abode, I am told,—
Great Statesmen and judges found cheer;
There Wilkes Booth, the actor, lived more than a year,
By one act he changed a whole Nation's career,
But, ah, he was handsome and bold.

Could its porticos wide and its furniture quaint,
But speak out the stories they've heard,
How our hearts would be touched, our emotions stirred
As we listened to hero or saint!



THE INN.

"It's passed through six wars, two centuries filled,
Why should it not be in every way skilled,
From religion and art, down to sport?"

Two hundred years Maryland's maids wondrous fair,
 And Maryland's men ever brave,
 Came and went though its halls,—no wonder it's grave,
 No wonder so seemly it doth now behave,
 And has such a dignified air.

Ah, what dances they danced, what stories they told,
 What marvelous things there befell,
 Even yet,—to each other,—I've found their ghosts tell
 Queer matters that happened of old;
 In strange costumes they gather and gossip or flirt,
 Are wise, witty, grotesque, fierce, mild,—
 It's passed through six great wars, two centuries filled,
 Why should not its ghosts be in every way skilled,
 From religion and art down to sport?

And last week, (just to think,) while up in Belair,
 I stopped at this same Inn most quaint,—
 Would I were an artist, so that I might paint,
 Nor leave out one charm I found there;
 But the lovely land 'round is so near Eden kin,
 Once outside the Inn, I forgot
 Every legend and jest and rare anecdote
 Those spirit guests told,—though they pleased me a lot,
 When they talked to my wraith in the Inn.

IN LOVE'S LOCKET.

Rose, thy fragrance aye will linger,—
 'Tis too sweet to disappear;
 And thy beauty I'll forget not,—
 For once, to her, thou wast dear;
 I will press thee, and will wear thee,
 In love's locket, next my heart;
 Since she's worn thee, and caressed thee,
 Words can't tell how dear thou art.

I WONDER WHY?

I don't see why I always think,
And think and think of you!
Although, indeed, that I do think
Of you always, is true,—
And yet, so many other folks
Are very good to me;
But no one else, except yourself,
I somehow long to see.

I don't see why, when your heart seems
Almost indifferent,
I should expend my thoughts on you,
On pleasing you be bent;
For, after all, you're human, too,
And not so kind as some
I call upon,—and who are glad,
They say, to have me come.

But then, they are not you, alas!
And it is "you" I want,
Some way my mind is more at peace,
When you do not just haunt,
But rather stay close by my side,—
Then I forget the rest,
And never think of them at all,—
I wonder if it's best?

Well, whether it is best, or not,
I know that it is true,
Whoever else may be near me,
I think and think of you;
And wish I could stay near your side
Always, and your smile know,
And touch your hand, and hear your voice,—
I wonder why it's so?

VICISSITUDE.

“Good-bye!” she said,—then to the drear, dark night
 Of winter’s cold, my weary footsteps turned,
 My heart was pained, and misty grew my sight,
 It seemed to me, love had been all unlearned;
 Not with those dulcet tones, which she had given,
 A few days since, did she say, “good-bye,” now;
 No more her eyes beamed forth the light of heaven,
 Nor fair and placid,—as of old,—her brow.

She did not ask,—“and must you really go?”
 In that same gracious way, which made me glad,
 One little week ago,—why is it so?
 I cannot say,—I know it made me sad;
 Into the chill of winter’s stormy night,
 With troubled heart, I turned from her away;
 The black clouds hid the moon’s soft, glorious light,—
 It was not so, only the other day.

Has endless night, now, come to that sweet hope,
 I knew, when she was loath to let me leave?
 In which our lives,—’midst shadows dim,—shall grope,
 Or shall our hearts a few hours only grieve?
 And will it be, that very soon again,
 The blest light of her smile shall shine on me,
 And doubt’s clouds blow away? ah, surely, then,
 This sorrow, from my heart, shall quickly flee.

Smile once again, dear heart, and let me find
 That you have missed me, while I was away,
 And then, this bleak, dark winter’s night, unkind,
 Shall turn to endless brightness,—love’s long day;
 Ay, even as I speak, the black clouds break,
 The shadows lighten, lo! again ’tis morn;
 You smile on me once more,—’twas a mistake,—
 Again joy dawns, and hope, anew, is born.

"CHARLES STREET."

When gay King Charles lived long ago
In merry England's isle,
Of course it's so, he did not know,
Across the great seas, there should grow,
A "Charles" street with such style.

How could he guess a wilderness,
Which took three months to reach,
Would hold a city—marvelous? yes!
'Twould seem a fairy tale—no less,—
Or just an idle speech.

How could he see, that, through its heart,
A street magnificent,
Called by his name, should charm impart,
Because of its great wealth and art?
A tribute eloquent!

But so it is—in Maryland,
Close by the Chesapeake,—
There is a city large and grand,
Where "Charles" street runs from end to end,
Whose praise the world doth speak.

And bonnie Baltimore's the place,—
As everybody knows,—
For there, on "Charles" street, wit and grace,
Week days and Sundays, fill the space;
And, aye, more famed it grows.

Though Charles himself, (some hundred years,)
From earth has passed away;
I wonder if his heart it cheers,
To know a street, so fine, now bears
The name he once made gay?

MARGARET.

What shall I say, sweet Margaret,
 Of you who are so dear,
 Of you who are so truly good,
 One may not but revere?
 Ah, yes, the more I know of you,
 The more I want to know,
 For I perceive, each time we meet,
 The more worth while you grow.

It's not so much being marvelous,
 As just being brave and kind,
 That makes you really beautiful
 In body and in mind;
 Your character's so lovely, dear,
 My heart you always charm,
 And everybody else's heart,
 I'm sure, your smile doth warm.

What shall I say, sweet Margaret?
 How can I ever dare
 Try to explain the graciousness
 Of one so debonair?
 What words of mine can please yourself,
 Or ever justice do
 To one like you, sweet Margaret,
 Who are both fair and true?

Fair in my sight, true to yourself,
 And dear to every one,—
 I'm certain you don't comprehend
 How lovely you have grown;
 But sometime you will know, I think,
 And then, how glad you'll be,
 That you have given so much joy,
 To other folks,—and me!

A DARLING SWEETHEART.

I have such a darling sweetheart,
And I love her, oh, so much!
It's a blessing just to see her,
And there's something in the touch
Of her hand—I can't explain it,
But my heart with hope it fills,
Making it beat always faster,
Till with happiness it thrills.

It may be that through her fingers
Some strange mystic message speeds,
Of her soul so pure and lovely,
And my soul to heaven leads,
But no matter what you call it,
Or how love's bright flame is fanned,
If she speaks—then I am happy—
Glad in doing her least command.

Well I love to listen to her,
For her voice so soft and clear,
Is most wondrously attractive,
She is absolutely dear;
And her laugh, is, O, so happy!
That it sets my heart awlirl
As it comes through ruby portals,
From behind its gates of pearl.

Right out from her heart it floweth,
Her dear heart, so warm and true,
Straightway to my heart it goeth,
As it would go to yours, too;
Oh! she is so brave and noble,
And so free from selfishness,
Every single word she utters
All my soul doth please and bless.

Every act and thing she doeth
 Is a grace—as it must be,
 For she is a perfect stranger
 Unto insincerity;
 She is thoughtfully delightful,
 Wisely kind and truly good,
 So she comes more near perfection,
 I think, than an angel could.

Just to know her is a blessing,
 The best blessing ever had,—
 How the goodness and the brightness
 Of her presence makes me glad!
 As I, wistful, look upon her,—
 I know naught can fairer be,
 Every gesture, every feature
 Is so beautiful to see.

So I write to her these verses,
 For I do want her to know
 That my soul adores, reveres her,
 More than I can ever show;
 That I'm longing, hoping, waiting
 For the turning of the tide,
 When she shall be glad I love her
 More than all the world beside.

A RONDEAU.

'Tis alarming to meet one so fair,
 I realized soon as I met her,
 By her hands and her eyes and her hair,
 I knew 'twould be hard to forget her;
 Then her voice is so witchingly sweet,—
 Altogether she's wondrously charming:
 So now, to my heart, I repeat,
 'Tis alarming!

KISMET.

Dear one, who is so rarely sweet and fair,
I would make plain how much for you I care,
And how I'll always love you surely more
Than ever knight loved maid in days of yore,
That's why I hope now in your inmost heart,
You do regret we stay so long apart,—
Then, with but dreams shall we two be content?
Nay, true love never just for dreams was meant.

As sure as we both live, as sure as fate,
It must be true that God,—wise, tender, great,—
Our lives sometime will yet in love unite;
But why let precious years take their swift flight?
Why wait for love till life is almost gone,
When joy most deep might now by us be known?
Oh, if we would but take the love God wills,
We'd find the bliss which every sorrow stills.

Dear heart of mine, my own, my other heart,
Please listen now to me,—lives lived apart
Are incomplete, disconsolate, half blessed,—
Then, won't you help me cease from being distress'd?
I'm yours for aye,—please, my heart's love receive,
And know such bliss as only love can give;
That satisfying, endless, perfect peace,
Which, in your soul and mine, ought never cease.

Oh, come and bless my life, heart of my heart!
And through eternity no more we'll part;
No longer wait, no longer hesitate,
Come now and be, as heaven meant,—my mate,
My joy sublime, my happiness most true,
That tenderness which can come but with you;
Inspire my soul, its hunger satisfy,
Before the time of blessing shall pass by.

O, sweetest love, I beg you, heed my song!
 Come now to me, ere days are drear and long;
 Before it is too late, please come, I pray,
 And be my own, my very own, for aye,—
 As you have ever been, though we've not known,
 And so we drifted on, unblest, alone;
 But, 'twill not aye be thus—since, (soon or late,)
 We two shall be as one,—“Kismet!” 'tis fate.

INVITATION.

Smile on me, brown eyes so tender,
 Tell love's story to my heart,
 Let your face light up with splendor,
 Like love only can impart;
 Speak in accents kind and gracious,
 Tell me you do care, indeed,
 Say you're glad I call you precious,
 And that for your love I plead.

Do not hesitate to trust me,
 Do not turn, from me, away,
 When you come, then heaven must be
 Nearer to me every day;
 As there is no joy can ever
 Be more perfect than true love,
 So there is no thing can sever
 Our souls, if you will approve.

Then, I pray you, smile upon me,
 As your eyes alone can smile,
 Speak again, soft tones which won me,
 Tell me, lips that know no guile,
 That you'll love me, love me only,
 Just as long as life shall last,
 Then I shall no more be lonely,
 All my sorrow will be past.

PATAPSCO.

Patapsco,—Arm of Chesapeake,
Great highway to the sea,
No other waters in the world
Are quite so dear to me,
In Maryland we love thee well,
But best in Baltimore,
For, unto us, to all good things,
Thou art an open door.

Large are the fleets which tranquil sail
Upon thy bosom fair,
To harbor safe in Baltimore,
Which all the world may share;
So broad, so deep, so far inland,
The whole world tribute brings,
And every boat, that o'er thee rides,
Thy worth and beauty sings.

And so—I only voice the truth,
Which all the world doth know,
When I write, Baltimore is blest
By thy calm ebb and flow;
Green are thy banks, thy bosom's smooth,
Thy skies are bright and clear,
Right in the heart of Maryland,
Thy stream fills life with cheer.

Thy fame is known the whole world 'round,
Patapsco! Baltimore!
Thy noble ships go everywhere,
And rich and vast the store
They carry forth to bless mankind
All over this wide world,—
Right glad is every port to see
Thy flag of State unfurled.

And so I sing Patapsco's praise,
 Her glory and her worth,
 Whose bonnie banks and waters blue,
 Gave Baltimore her birth;
 But words alone can never tell
 All wealth that she outpours,
 While beauty, learning, plenty, peace,
 Abide upon her shores.

COMMENDATION.

There is no song the whole year long,
 That I have ever heard,
 In doors or out, gay or devout,
 That's sung by maid or bird;
 Which can impart unto my heart
 Joy like her voice doth stir,
 That's why I sing her praise, and bring
 All my heart's love to her.

And there's no rose, I know, that grows
 Which has such fragrant scent
 As her brown hair,—beyond compare,
 Always she's excellent;
 No cameo such grace can show,
 By whomsoever made,—
 Such daintiness can e'er possess
 Her charms all art exceed.

No radiance by any chance,
 However glad and bright,
 Can give such cheer, or be so dear
 And glorious in my sight
 As my love's face, so rare's the grace
 And beauty of each line,
 That there, for me, truth, ecstasy
 And loveliness combine.

LISTEN.

“Every laddie has a lassie,”
So, there’s one whom I would bless,
She’s the loveliest and sweetest
Of all maidens, I confess;
My heart sought her, and God brought her
Just when greatest was my need;
But He told me I must bold be,—
That’s why, now, for her I plead.

Listen, will you? while I tell you,
How I do love and adore
This fair maiden with gifts laden,
Which, aye, please me more and more;
For again, dear, I’d make plain here,
How this sweetheart fond and true,
Who’s most gracious, and most precious,
Is no other lass than you.

“Every laddie has a lassie,”
What’s life worth when we’re alone?
That’s why I, dear, sit and sigh, dear,
When you’re not close by, I’ll own;
Why I’m speaking, and I’m seeking
For God’s rarest gift of love,
And that’s you, dear, none e’er grew, dear,
Quite as fair, that I know of.

Me you’re haunting, and I’m wanting
Always with yourself to be,
Won’t you heed, dear, while I plead, dear,
That you will “my lassie” be;
“Every laddie has his lassie,”
Let me not seek mine in vain;
May I dare, dear, do you care, dear,
All joy will you help me gain?

SIGHT.

Open Thou my eyes, O God! as in days of old,
So that very wondrous things I may now behold,
Things which always have been true, only, I was blind,
Give my soul prophetic sight, fill with light my mind.

Yes, there are unnumbered hosts, servants all, of mine,
Messengers my will to do, (if my will be Thine,)
And I know that it is so, that they have all power
Every evil to o'erthrow, with all good to dower.

Only open Thou my eyes, by faith let me see,
I am guarded, guided, kept from all danger free;
For the hosts of heaven itself, aye, are 'round about,
Only open Thou my eyes, so I shall not doubt.

Open Thou my eyes, O God! give my spirit sight,
Then I nevermore shall dread any earthly night,
Since my soul shall understand that all power is mine;
Legions answer my command, because I am Thine.

Open Thou my eyes, O God! open wide my eyes,
What are all the hosts above, if I'm so unwise
That I will not comprehend? Now let my eyes see,
All the hosts of heaven in truth wait to fight for me.

THE MEETING.

Even when first I saw your face, that winter's night,
Most beautiful and pure it seemed to me,
And when I heard your voice, it gave my heart delight,
I felt you were my friend,—and that 'twas meant to be
Ever since time began, and through eternity;
Pray that it shall be thus with us,—if so you may,
Then I'll be glad we met,—and you, I hope,—always.

MISS JOY.

In her I find the gladdest kind
Of joy earth ever knew,
No base alloy it's charm doth cloy,—
It's pure gold through and through;
Ay, it is generous, guileless joy,
Of priceless charm and worth;
Life it transforms, it cheers and warms,
And glorifies the earth.

The joy of her my heart doth stir,
It is so wondrous kind,
That kind of joy wise folks employ
When most delight they'd find;
Therefore, I write these lines tonight,
In hope sometime she'll read them,
And, somehow, find in them delight,
And then, it may be, heed them.

THE RETURN.

Love, always, I would look on your fair face,
It is so good to see,—and, oh, your voice
Is sweet to hear! so that I do rejoice
With fond content when I behold your grace,—
And for your welfare pray, and sing your praise,—
For in your presence is all bliss always,
And all cheer's in your smile,—while every joy
That earth can give or heaven can employ,
Aye, shineth, soft and clear, through eyes so bright,
That nevermore my soul shall dwell in night,
As once it did, because you went away;
O love, I am so glad you did not stay,
But are come back, henceforth, always to be
The dearest woman in the world to me!

LET'S DREAMS COMPARE.

I dreamed about a maiden
 Last night, I'd like to meet;
 She smiled so sweet and gracious
 When her eyes mine did greet;
 The glory of her gladness
 Reached to my inmost soul,
 And made me dream, for certain,
 In her, I'd find joy's goal.

If you know such a maiden,
 Who's, like yourself, most fair;
 Who dreamed she met her lover—
 Last night—let's dreams compare;
 Please bid me call, at once, dear,
 (Dreams do sometimes come true,)
 If you dreamed of a lover,
 And you will tell me—who?
 Yes, I dreamed of a maiden
 Most wonderfully fair;
 If you dreamed of a lover—
 Why, then, let's dreams compare.

GOD'S COUNTRY.

Oh, the long, red road, which winds around,
 Over hill and dale where good health's found!
 How I love to ride, or on foot to roam,
 Far off from people, all outdoors, home,—
 Till my lungs are filled, and my heart is thrilled
 With the sweet, fresh air of winds distilled;
 While my pulse beats fast with keen delight,
 And my soul drinks in, with joy, the sight
 Of river and fields, of flowers and trees,—
 How the touch of Nature my heart doth please!

I forget the city, commonplace
With its shut-in streets, and lack of grace,
Its pale-faced, sad-eyed, overwrought men,
Its endless struggle, its smoke and din;
And I know the quiet of calm content,
(The kind of life for a man's soul meant,)
As I wander far from worldly cares,
'Twixt orchards ripe with apples and pears,
Where great fields of corn and goldenrod
Lay close together, (both praising God;)
With never anything, to me, near,
To even suggest the thought of fear.

My soul, unfettered, all good doth share,
Alone with Nature, so pure and fair,—
I seem to nestle close to earth's breast,
As earth's red soil, by my feet is pressed;
And so I'm happy, until, (sad fate,)
I needs must return to where men hate,
And there, 'midst turmoil and strife and dread,
Cover my soul, while I earn my bread
For another week, till, again I'm free
To go forth once more, and God's face see,
And hear His voice, (though it's still and small,)
Out of earth's goodness, unto me call;
How my soul responds, and I'm glad once more,
In God's own country, truth to adore.

WON'T YOU COME BACK?

Aye, soon again, darling, my heart you'll be easing,
For you will come back, well I trow,
Though now you imagine there's someone more pleasing;
But not for always you'll think so,—
Ah, no! there shall never, between us, be quarreling,
Though now on another you smile,

Because, after all,—O my darling, sweet darling!
Your absence is but for a while.

Remember the times when together we've wandered,
In summer and winter, ere other men came,
Who flattered and courted until your heart pondered,
And wondered, and heeded their claim;
They'll never adore you, revere you or love you,
As I do, and shall, evermore;
With each beat of my heart's blood, I bless and approve
you,
Who soon will to me joy restore.

Than you there's no colleen as kind and as clever,
Or who, in this world, has such grace,
Who my heart can fill, as you've filled it forever,
Because it's, indeed, your own place;
Ay, you are my own, and there's never another
Can keep your life from mine apart,—
They may shower on you riches, with pleasures may
smother;
But you will come back? my sweetheart!

RICHES.

You, I salute with joy's pure adoration,
Enchanting, enraptured songs, to you, I'd sing,—
My love bestowing without reservation,
All myself, to you, I'd bring.

O, you are gloriously dear and delightful!
Supremely more lovely than sunset or rise,
So, now, I offer my heart—'tis but rightful—
How could I do otherwise?

All of the fruits of earth's fields are delicious,
Fragrant flowers, ever, give pleasure and cheer,

But there can never aught else grow so precious
As yourself,—you are so dear!

Art, music, opera, feasting and dancing,
Wealth without measure,—fame, honor, content,—
Not all, together, are half so entrancing,
As one glance,—from your eyes, sent.

My heart is pleading, beseeching, confessing,
I love you, adore you,—please! please love me back!
You do? it is true? O, wonderful blessing!
Loved by you,—I'll know no lack.

WILL YOU PASS TOO?

Dear friend so fair, if I could surely see
That you're my own, and evermore will be,
That, with your heart and mind, you will approve,—
What songs of praise I'd send to heaven above,
Because of you;
I look into your eyes and wonder, dear,
Why, to my soul, they give such gracious cheer?
When I have seen so many eyes so bright,
And passed them by till you came to delight,—
Will you pass too?

Dear friend, if I could make you understand
How fair you grow, how my heart you command,
I think I might find love, but not until
You want it to be so,—and then you will
Let my eyes see;
'Tis only half the story now I know,
The other half is yours to keep, bestow,
As seemeth to you best,—yet, till you do,
I can but wait and want, and dream of you,
And ecstasy.

LONGING.

Do you hear the cry of my heart tonight,
As reaching out to you, it takes its flight?
Do your eyes look up with a welcoming smile,
When my spirit greeteth your own the while?
Say, are you still glad that such love I give,
As will always live, yes, will always live?

Does a warm glow come to your throbbing heart,
And a tinge of red to your fair face start,
As you think of the time your hand clasped mine,
And I drank, from your lips, love's perfect wine?
Do you recall,—rather, can you forget
The time and the place when our eyes first met?

Love, far away, in the land of the West,
Do you understand how I love you best?
How I wait for you, want you, ay, need you, dear?
My heart's call, my sweetheart, can your heart hear?
And will you reply with that happy laugh,
Which love only gives to its other half?

Do you know how I long for yourself tonight?
For your tones so sweet and your face so bright,
Can you hear, 'cross mountain and stream and dale,
The call of my heart? does your own heart hail
With a fond, glad rapture, the love I send?
And will you love me, too,—until life's end?

"Dear friend," I can fancy I hear you say,
"I'm thinking of you in the same old way,"
And my mind goes back to those hours, we two
Have spent together; say, is it not true,
They were happy hours, and they brought no pain!
Then, won't you come back soon, and ne'er leave again?

THE BATTLE OF NORTH POINT.

North Point! where final victory,
'Gainst England, upon land and sea,
America achieved;
I'd sing its praise, for it was there,
The God of battles heard our prayer—
England no more aggrieved.
(For Britain never would admit,
"The States" were not just part of it,
Till after North Point's fight;
Say what we will, she made out still,
America must do her will,
Although she had no right.)

'Twas first on "Peggy Stewart" day,
Annapolis men lit Freedom's way
With chests of rare old tea,
We swore no more we'd tribute bring,
Nor homage pay to England's king,
We would have Liberty;
From Lexington to North Point, then,
Great Britain fought to take again,
Her colonies of old,
Fought to subdue, most fiercely fought—
Had she raised up a child for naught,
Till it grew rich and bold!

So, Mother England made a dash
To quell rebellion, overrash,
Rather than truly wise,
She strove her greatest child to thrash,
And would not see, (till this last clash,)
She'd lost her fairest prize;
Up to North Point, (at Baltimore,)
She'd not admit that this land bore,

No longer, fealty;
That Great America, now grown,
Had come, by right, into her own,
And would, thenceforth, be free.

And so she burned our Capitol
At Washington,—ought she not rule,
As she had ruled of yore?
Ay, so she thought, but not, nay, not
After the battle had been fought
On Chesapeake's green shore;
There was Great Britain's final stand,
Before she'd give up this fair land,
Without a shade of doubt;
So men from Maryland's old State,
Were first and last of those so great,
Who drove the Brittons out.

ATTRACTION.

She's such a dear girl, and so fair and so clever,
Who lives 'round the corner, near Thirty-third street;
O, how I wish that I might please her forever!
For she is so womanly wise and so sweet,
With kindness and thoughtfulness her heart's replete;
And so I pray nothing our friendship shall sever;
She's such a dear girl and so fair and so clever,
Who lives 'round the corner, near Thirty-third street.

It doesn't much matter how I start,—my feet
Turn in her direction with scarce an endeavor,
Because in her presence joy grows so complete,
Always I would go there, and I'd stay forever;
She's such a dear girl and so fair and so clever,
Who lives 'round the corner, near Thirty-third street.

MY OWN.

I'm coming closer, all the time,
To happiness, and you ;
There may be many a mountain climb,
And many a shipwreck, too,
But through all difficulties, dear,
And over every sea,
I know, to you, I'm drawing near,
And that you'll wait for me.

I'm coming closer every day,—
O love, how my heart yearns
To hear your lips, in gladness, say,
All your heart, to me, turns ;
I know it's true you really care,
And when the battle's done,
We shall together victory share,
Who now fight life alone.

I'm coming closer,—O the charm,
The gladness and the peace,
The freedom from fear and alarm,
In love which ne'er will cease ;
Love given and accepted, both,
(As yours and mine shall be,)
How wonderful will be it's growth,
When you shall welcome me.

I'm coming closer, closer, love,
And you are glad it's true,
I know you must, you do approve,
Because, dear, you are you ;
A short while yet it may appear
That we are far apart ;
But I know, soon, I'll find all cheer ;
You'll let me in your heart.

Yes, soon we shall be close enough
 To cause our lives to blend;
 The journey's long, the voyage rough,
 But blest will be its end;
 For sure as light in heaven dwells,
 You are my very own,—
 And love itself decides, compels
 That we twain shall be one.

ENTREATY.

You who are so glorious, surely won't withhold
 What makes life victorious more than fame or gold,
 When you know I've learned to love with a love complete;
 That, all other maids above, you, my heart would greet!
 Ah, if you are glad indeed, really glad, it's true,
 Then for your heart's love I plead,—won't you love me
 too?

But if you mind not my fate, then give not one glance,—
 Not one moment for me wait, if love has no chance.

But if you mind not my fate, then give not one glance,
 In your eyes let my eyes see tenderness divine,
 On my breast let your head rest, yourself in my arms;
 Then, O love, I'll be most blest, charmed by your dear
 charms;

Life is spirit, life is soul, I know that is true,
 But in bodies dwell we all, even I and you;
 So I need, oh, how I need! both to see and hear
 One who is, for me, indeed, of all maids most dear.

Only, though, if you're my own, and are willing now,
 Always to be mine alone, listen to my vow,—
 Long as you and I shall live, (short enough 'twill seem,)
 You, from my heart's depths, I'll give honor and esteem;

While a love that lives, and breathes praise without alloy,
Shall, of bliss, make glorious wreaths, to crown you with
joy;

Every blessing we shall share, every burden, I,
If I may, for you will bear,—won't you let me try?

THROUGH PALESTINE.

I have taken a long, long journey today,
'Cross oceans and mountains, and far, far away,
To that Canaan where Judah found corn and wine,
Through the beautiful valleys of Palestine,
Where the date palms flourish, and roses bloom,
And the thought of His glory dispels all gloom.

Yes, I knelt in that garden where Jesus knelt,
On the Mount of Olives, His presence felt,
There, I touched the thorns which, for me, He wore,
And remembered the cross which, alone, He bore;
Then, I saw, on Him, the fair crown He won,
After the toil of His earth life was done.

Ah, His face had been marred, here, with many scars,
But the crown that He wore held countless stars,
For He came there and walked and talked with me,
By the lovely shores of Lake Galilee,
And I looked in His eyes, and heard Him speak,—
"So shall everyone find me, who will but seek."

It may be a fancy, which I see grow
Out of that mirage of long, long ago,
And yet, to my mind, it is very real;
Almost the warm breath of His love I can feel,
And see the soft light of those wonderful eyes,
Behind which the soul of all goodness lies.

'Tis Jesus of Nazareth, passing by,
On His way, through earth, to His home on high,

Can't you see the great crowds, at noon, sit down,
Some of them, like Him, from Bethlehem Town,
And hear the glad words, which His pure lips say?
And hearing them, why not, O why not obey!

All ye who are weary, whose load doth gall,
Now hearken unto Him, hear love's own call,
Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him,
Whose love is eternal, whose sight's never dim,
You can find Him, today, by Gennesaret's lake,
O come there, with me, and His blessing take!

But if you may not, why then, now and here,
To souls who want Him, He comes just as near,—
Not over the hills, and far, far away,
But right at the door of your heart, He doth stay,
And He will come in, if you just will speak,
This Galilean, of all men most meek!

He'll sup with you, talk with you, live in your heart,
Ay, if you desire it, will never depart,
This Saviour divine Who once over earth trod,
God's own perfect Son, yet our own flesh and blood;
He loved all that's lovely and true here on earth,
So great was His soul, and so royal His birth;
He died and rose for us, and now reigns above,
Undying, unmeasured, all-conquering love.

That's why, though I've wandered away so far,
And though I have known the delights which are
In the lands of the East, North, South and West,
Still, more than all else, by Him I am blest;
So stay with me here, or follow me there,
Only I want you His great love to share,
To give to Him fealty, now, and confess,
That Bethlehem's Baby your soul shall bless,
With life everlasting and endless bliss,—
Oh, what were we made for,—if not for this?

LOVE'S OLD, SWEET SONG.

I'd tell the same old story, dear,
That Adam told to Eve,
How sweet it must have been to hear,
'Tis easy to believe,
As through fair Eden's paths they walked,
Sad trouble yet unknown,—
Where, filled with all delight, they talked
Of happiness alone.

I'd sing the same sweet song again,
That Jacob did for years,
Because so fair was Rachel then,
With beauty that endears;
The same fond, precious story, yes,
That Boaz told to Ruth,
He longed so much, her, to impress
With life's divinest truth.

I'd sing the same old song, dear love,
(Always the same, to you,)
For, oh, I want you to approve,
This song so old, yet new;
The same sweet story Helen heard,
In far off days, in Troy,
When, by her marvelous beauty stirred,
Men found in her great joy.

Yes, this same glorious story, dear,
To you I would make plain,—
Without it, life has no real cheer,
And souls are born in vain;
But only to you, my sweetheart,
Can I the story tell,—
To no one else can I impart,
The hope I know so well.

O, can't you guess, O, won't you heed,
 The longing of my heart!
 Won't you be glad that now I plead,
 To me you will impart
 The other half of that dear song,
 Which two must sing, alone,
 If they would have their lives both strong,
 And full of beauty grown!

The hope which Adam told to Eve,
 Which Boaz told to Ruth,
 Which would not let young Jacob leave,
 Till Rachel knew the truth;
 The story Helen heard so oft,—
 O, listen, dear! while I,
 Now speak it to you, very soft,
 "For your sake I would die."

SADIE, MY LADY.

O Sadie, my lady, a long time ago,
 I knew her and I loved her,—and it still is so,—
 Because she was kindness and goodness complete,
 In spirit delightful, a woman most sweet;
 I cannot forget her, I loved her so dear,
 That living seemed Paradise, when she was near,
 But now I am lonely, because she is gone,
 Who all my affection and confidence won.

Yes, Sadie, my lady, I cared for her more
 Than anyone ever I cared for before,
 From everything selfish and sordid so free,
 She was the most lovely of maidens to me;
 So my heart I gave her, and all else I had,
 I wanted to make her so happy and glad,
 That never, whatever should e'er come to pass,
 Would cause her to leave me, my own darling lass.

O Sadie, my lady, was so bright and good,
So kind and so clever in her every mood,
I loved her, approved her, and told her 'twas so,
And Sadie, my lady, did not answer, no!
Yes, many a maiden I've thought dear, I'll own,
But she was the dearest of all that I've known;
A woman so human, yet so brave and true,
That had you but known her, you'd have loved her too.

Alas, for our visions of pleasure and peace,
They come but to leave us, begin but to cease,
This world is a graveyard of hope and delight,
And joy is a guest who but stays till it's night,
I've tasted love's nectar, and sipped Cupid's wine,
And felt the glad thrill of a rapture divine,
That comes in with a laughter, and leaves with a sigh,
But who can detain joy, when it will pass by?

And so I press on, now a wanderer lone,
By a path, joy deserted, to sadness well known,
For Sadie, my lady, so fond and so fair,
Has left for a country where there is no care,
But I am as certain she's waiting for me,
As that I am wishing again soon I'll see
The smile on her lips, and the light in her eyes;
Though long seems the road from earth's grief to joy's
skies.

HUMILITY.

Forgive me if I please you not,
Whom I'd please most of all;
O let my errors be forgot,
My faults fail to recall;
And I will strive to be more kind,
More generous, wiser grown;
Be happy just as you've a mind,—
What's my joy to your own?

COME NOW!

Hearken, sweetheart! hear my heart's cry;
 O come while faith is strong!
 While eyes are bright and spirits light,
 With bouyancy and song;
 Come while our hearts bend low to love,
 As young trees to the storm,
 While lips are red, and cheeks are pink,
 And our affections warm.

O come with all your girlhood charms!
 You never will regret
 The coming soon, and staying long;
 For I shall never let
 Aught trouble or distress your life,—
 If love can good bestow,
 Then, always, every happiness,
 And blessing you shall know.

Come while life still is free from ill,
 Ere trouble comes and care,—
 Your life's responsibility,
 Let my life always share;
 Let me add bliss to your each joy,
 Take woe from your each pain,
 While still I may,—time will not stay,
 Lives woo it back in vain.

Come now, sweetheart, nor wait till years
 Have sapped youth's pristine strength,
 And you and I are sagely grave,
 Or feeble grown at length,
 And, maybe, selfish, being alone,
 ('Twould not be so with you;)
 Wait not till then; but, oh, come now!
 Fresh with love's morning dew.

LOVE'S REMEMBRANCE.

I have a dear friend, artist, I want you to portray,
One, I, so well remember, though now she's far away,—
Yes, I know every grace of her's and every line can tell,
For she is pictured in my heart, as by some magic spell.

Then, listen to me, artist, paint eyes of heavenly blue,
Softer than the gloaming is, and clearer than the dew,
Bluer, yes, paint bluer still,—then violet, if you will,
Though I so plainly see them, they will tax all your skill,
For from their rare depths shineth a light almost divine,
Here, quickly, let me paint them as they have looked in
mine;

Well, take your brush now, artist, and paint her lips;—
ah, they,
Were lovelier and sweeter than words of mine can say.

A woman thoughtful, gentle, affectionate, pure, good,
I know you can't do justice, but then, whoever could?
(She was the loveliest woman, I think, on all the earth,
So winsome was her manner, so sterling was her worth,)
Her grace the Greeks would envy, so perfect, I recall,
Dianna, nor yet Hebe, were half so fair withal;
Her forehead broad, not too high, but white as drifted
snow,—

A poem one might call it,—strange how fair it could
grow.

Soft shaded by brown tresses of shimmering, silken hair,
Her face was more than lovely, artist, use all your care;
Give a naive expression, a wise and thoughtful mien,
Yet full of life and spirit, with the bearing of a queen,
Love's halo 'round about her, how can I make it clear
To you who've never seen her, but you are skilled, I hear;

So, maybe you can glimpse her, through my mind, and
 replace,—
 Because I see so clearly,—each feature of her face.

Her cheeks just rightly ovaled, not wanting, nor too full,
 And tinted like the roses she loved so well to pull,
 Eyes, hands, ears, all are lovely, and,—well, you know
 the rest,

For she was still but human—just woman at her best:
 Now, artist, can you paint her with features such as these,
 A fair, sweet, womanly woman, yet, not an angel, please;
 The one whom I love dearest, though now she's gone
 away,—

Have you the skill, I wonder, such beauty to portray?

VIOLETS AND ROSES.

A VALENTINE.

Dear, I've been thinking, in my mind linking,
 Violets and roses together with you,
 Hence these fair flowers fragrance outpours
 On one most beautiful and most sweet, too;
 Not for digression is this confession,
 Only to show you what fancies arise,
 When I think of you,—may be, I love you?
 Certain I dream of the light of your eyes.

Full of all graces that heaven places,
 Into the heart of a maiden so coy,
 Thus have I found you, and I have crowned you
 Queen of all goodness and beauty and joy;
 Violets and roses, now my heart chooses,
 Since they seem most fit my message to bear;
 May you believe them, when you receive them,
 And they tell to you, what I hardly dare.

MY SAINT.

The image of the saint that I adore,
Above my little desk hangs on the wall,
And inspiration gives seraphical,—
She is the loveliest maiden of a score,
Whom I've admired, who were my friends of yore;
And so with reverence her grace I hail,
Whenever I look up, nor does she fail,
Upon my soul, tranquility to pour.

For there's a radiancy of glory 'round
The beauty of her face most spirituelle,
More blest than any good elsewhere I've found,—
Oh, how could grace like her's not joy compel?
Hence, when I'm most in need of happiness,
I raise my eyes,—and lo, her smile doth bless!

NOW.

*("Now is the accepted time, now is the
day of salvation.")*

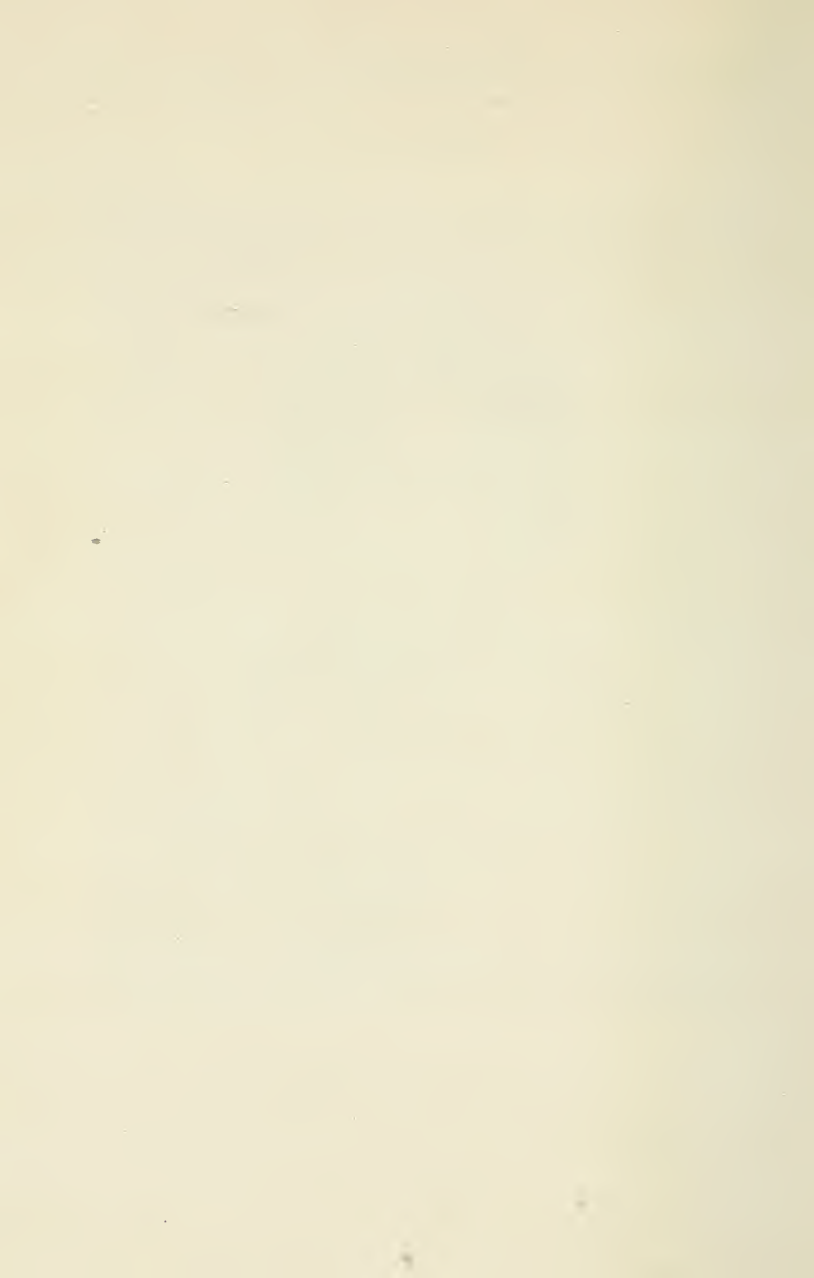
This is the day, and now's the time for me
To catch a glimpse of happiness divine,
Of power and peace, of tenderness and love,
Since but today is mine.

These are the only moments I may live,
Which I may use, and fill with glad content,
Or else with murmurings, as foolish as they're false,
Their good may circumvent.

And so I pray, each moment of this day,
Let me forget all failure, bitterness,
Guide Thou my feet into love's gracious way,—
O God, my soul, now, bless!



"The image of the saint whom I adore,
Above my little desk, hangs on the wall,
And inspiration gives seraphical."



A VALENTINE.

Unto you, dear love, I write,
 For I think of you tonight,
 Wishing, hoping that I might
 Joy to you impart;
 True, my thoughts may not be new,
 But they are so very true,—
 List! I love no one but you,
 Always you, sweetheart.

So I send this valentine,
 Hoping that you will divine,
 (Though the name may not be mine,
 Written under it;)
 That 'twas I who of you thought,
 And my pen which these lines wrought,
 All that's good in them, you taught
 By your grace and wit.

Perhaps any lover might
 Verses quite as perfect write,
 Though no other maiden's quite
 As inspiring, dear;
 But words, after all, are frail,
 And these cannot help but fail,
 When they try to tell love's tale,
 As it should appear.

Still I hope that you will know,
 It is I who strive to show,
 How on you I would bestow
 All this heart of mine;
 And I pray that you will heed,
 Ay, accept my love, indeed,
 As for your dear self I plead,
 Through Saint Valentine.

ANNAPOLIS.

A quaint old place is Annapolis town,
All calm and cosy and clean,
With a mixture of country and city folks,
And Naval Academy men;
The Chesapeake front, and the Severn beside,
And Anne Arundel around,
And the green God's acres across the way,—
Where graves of heroes are found.

There, the State House old, stands proper and bold
On the crest of the highest hill,
In the midst of it all, with its steeple tall,
To express the people's will,
Since this State was created, of thirteen, one,
Aye, one of the first, indeed,
Which agreed to unite, yes, led in the fight
'Gainst George the Third's lawless greed.

And when, at last, the long war was past,
And victory was achieved,
Here the Congress of our United States,
George Washington's sword received;
Here are English bricks, by colonists used,
Their stately old homes to build;
Here are cannon, too, which England once knew,
Being made by Englishmen skilled—

Long before our States were united—and free
From England's motherly rule;
Because, to England, it's true, after all,
Our country once went to school;
And a good school 'twas, for we've since become,
An offspring to be proud of,—
And England, no doubt, in her heart of hearts,
Her progeny still doth love.

Yes, a quaint old place is Annapolis town,
 On the banks of the Severn fair,
 With the Chesapeake on the other side
 Of the Naval Academy there;
 Roads run from its centre—like spokes of a wheel,
 With the State House for a hub;
 And, too, it's grown great, since the colonies had
 That little, old-fashioned rub.

UNFORGOTTEN.

You are thinking, of me, tonight, dear,
 In spite of the company bright,
 In spite of the song and the laughter
 Which would of my absence make light,
 You know that it's so, and I know it,
 Notwithstanding you send me away,
 For love has a power of it's own, dear,
 Which makes the most stubborn obey.

So you're thinking of me, and you're loving
 The thought which you try to prevent,
 You recall how you made me unhappy,—
 You may smile, but your heart's not content;
 Ay, though to yourself you are saying,
 "Of him I will not think again;"
 In spite of new friends and new pleasures,
 You strive to forget me in vain.

And I,—well, I cannot forget you,
 Though I, too, am trying, 'tis true,
 To forget the fair woman who wants me
 To stop thinking now about you;
 But I can't,—for my soul has refused, dear,
 To give back the smiles once you gave,
 And the glorious tones you then used, dear,
 From unhappiness my heart to save.

And no matter how hard I endeavor,
I never again can forget,
Any more than your own self can, ever,
For soon as you do, you'll regret;
So, of me, I know you are thinking,
And evermore, too, you will think,
Because, once your soul drinks true love, dear,—
Forever you'll want love to drink.

Ay, though now I'm not in your presence,
And though now I see not your face,
Still I know, you are looking my way, dear,
Back again to a time and a place
When just you and I, dear, together,
Talked commonplace words, it may be,
But our hearts then communed,—as they do still—
Of those things only love's eyes can see.

And ever 'twill be just the same, dear,
Because, my sweetheart, you are you,
And I am myself,—hence no other
For me, or you, ever will do;
Ah, yes, for awhile you may try, dear,
To forget me,—and I cease to sigh;
But never is true love forgotten,—
Once born, dear, love never can die.

FOUR DAISIES.

I picked up daisies four, today,
And counted them in turn,
Do you remember what folks say,
From daisies we may learn?
The first one came out, "one, I love,"
And that was very true,
Because, sweetheart, my heart thought of
Just one girl,—that was you

The second daisy emphasized,
 Twice, what the first one said,
 For counting it, I realized,
 With awe, which way it led,
 From twelve to twelve, and then to two,
 To, "two I love, I say,"
 Of course I do, it's really true,
 I'll love you, dear, always.

That's why, as down that country lane,
 Alone, I walked, (ah, me!)
 I sought still more of truth to gain,
 From daisy, number three;
 And so the magic, mystic rhymes,
 Which often gladness sums,
 I counted on through twelve, two times,
 Then stopped at, —"nine, she comes."

Not satisfied, of course, with this,
 I plucked one daisy more,
 Because, I hoped I should find bliss,
 In daisy number four;
 For it is true the daisy's charm,
 Always, conviction carries,
 And so, two twelves, allayed alarm,
 Since twice it said, "she marries."

So now, I tell the daisies' tale,
 Sweetheart, again to you,
 Trusting, for us, it shall prevail,
 And certainly come true;
 Once, twice, and always, you I love,
 Just as the daisies say,
 So, won't you, nine, and, twelve, both prove,
 And marry me, I pray.

ETHEL DINSMORE.

Glorious, lovely Ethel Dinsmore,
Dark and tender were your eyes,
Rich, luxuriant brown your tresses,
Your smile earth's most precious prize;
Now, too much, my heart confesses,
It had hoped of bliss to gain,
Still, your name it ever blesses,
Though its love for you was vain.

Gracious, darling Ethel Dinsmore,
Lithe and supple was your form,
Classical your oval face was,
And your heart sincerely warm;
I did not intend to love you,
But I tried, not to, in vain,—
Always my heart would think of you,
Till I yearned your own to gain.

Kind, capricious Ethel Dinsmore,
Changeable as summer skies,
Lovelier than even they were;
Scarcely can I realize
You have gone away forever,
Leaving only grief for me,
Though with all my strength's endeavor,
I should strive myself to free.

Sweet, ethereal Ethel Dinsmore,
Like an angel in its flight,
You entranced, then from me vanished,
Brought, and took away delight;
Short and rare the time that's over,
Long and dull the days to come,
For, none like you I'll discover,
Wheresoever I may roam.

* * * * *

Years have gone by, Ethel Dinsmore,
 (It seems too strange to be true,)
 Still I never have forgot you,
 And forever I'll love you;
 Ay, forever and forever,
 Till me meet, sweethearts again,
 On the other side that river,
 Where hearts never love in vain.

THE OLD FARM GATE.

I saw you look over the old paling gate,
 At the foot of our lane,—was it wisdom or fate
 Made me rise so early, that rare autumn day,
 And caused you to pass by, soon after, our way?
 You seemed all unconscious that I, too, was there,—
 So naive and graceful, with uncovered hair,
 You stood in your modest blue, simple lawn dress,—
 O what could my heart do but its love confess?

In the fresh fragrant calm of that joy-kissed hour,
 I grew still more captive to love's wondrous power;
 Almost I felt certain that you cared for me,
 Through and through I was thrilled with transcending
 glee;

I started to greet you before you'd get by,
 I wondered, indeed, that you heard not my sigh,—
 How quickly your presence all my world made fair,
 Yet, you had not noticed, 'twould seem, I was there.

Just then, I awakened, it was but a dream,
 Although I was certain that I saw the gleam
 Of auburn, which glistened through your soft brown hair,
 And the smile on your lips, sweet beyond compare;
 The way your dress folded across your dear breast,

The soft scalloped ruffle, 'round your white throat
pressed,—

Ay, deft were the fingers, which, with skillful grace,
Had gowned your fair figure, and set off your face.

Ah, yes, I'd have sworn that it all was as real
As anything, ever, I shall see, or feel,
That's why I am coming, soon, sweetheart, to you,
To tell you I love you,—ah, how well I do!
Dear, may you then give me as winsome a smile,
As tenderly gracious, and as free from guile
As this morning brightened your face, near that gate,
Where, for me, so gladly, you seemed then to wait!

A sign most propitious may that fair dream prove,
The gateway which leads to your welcoming love;
For there is no other, my sweetheart, but you,
Can cause my heart such joy, and bring my dream true;
Then, every new gateway through which we shall go,
Will only more happiness on us bestow,—
Yet, can any morning as marvelous be,
As that one when I dreamed that you cared for me?

CHANGES.

The way you looked at me,
The way you talked with me,
When first we met, alas!
How has it come to pass,
Is now as withered grass?
It did not use to be.

Then, O, how glad was I!
When yourself was close by?
How fair the sweet flowers grew?
How soft the south winds blew?
(Do you remember too?)
Before you said, "good-bye!"

CULMINATION.

As I think of those maidens wondrous fine,
 (Which nobody will deny,)
 I am thankful they all were friends of mine,
 In days that are now gone by,
 They were very gracious, and far more kind
 Than I deserved, I confess;
 I realize, (calling their charms to mind,)
 Not one of them failed to bless.

True, after each maid, (each maid but the last,)
 There came another, until
 I looked on that one who now holds me fast,
 And forever and ever will;
 That's your own dear self, for it's only you
 Have come, unto me, to be
 The loveliest maiden I ever knew,
 Or shall, through eternity.

For all those others, so charming and sweet,
 But prepared my heart for you,
 Who are most glorious, and most complete,
 The wisest and dearest, too;
 So all of affection and joy and faith,
 My soul at your feet outpours,
 Not this or that part of me yourself hath,
 But all that I am is yours.

Yes, all that I am is your own, sweetheart,
 Yours only, and always yours,
 Every bit of my love, not just a part,
 My soul at your feet outpours;
 I desire for yourself alone to live,
 With you all content I'd know,
 Love, admiration, and faith I give;
 Sweetheart, are you glad it's so?

THREE SONNETS.

Do you remember that first time we met?
You stood, the fairest far, amidst a crowd
Of girls of gentle grace, 'twas then I vowed
To tell you how my heart on you was set,
And earnestly I prayed that God would let
You some day be my bride, so sweet and proud
You looked, with all the charms of health endowed,
So fair to see, I never can forget.

Out of them all, you only I recall,
You were as some fair rose and lily blent,
The queen of flowers you seemed, yet most of all,
You were immortal, and God's spirit lent,
Unto your face a beauty and a glow,
Which flowers, however lovely, cannot know.

* * * * *

Then I recall the second time we met,
So beautiful you were,—and well I knew,
That even fairer every day you grew;
Love, looking on you, I forgot regret
For all the other blessings time had let
Slip by with heedless pace; for it was true,
Glad, I'd have lost the whole of them for you,
If only sometime your love I should get.

You stood within a bower, the loveliest far
Of all the flowers, sweet and beautiful,
I ever looked upon,—so fair you are;
Then I determined, if I could, I'd cull
That one I loved the best,—so sweet, so rare,
So glorious you grow beyond compare.

* * * * *

And then,—and then that last, best time we met;
 You were alone, within a parlor dim,
 And I had come to ask how true my dream?
 That me you'd choose, and nevermore forget,
 That me you'd love, and nevermore regret,
 And then you smiled,—O glorious interim,
 When my life filled up to its very brim
 With joy and happiness,—and is filled yet!

So flowers, I send unto the queen of flowers,
 And bliss I wish unto earth's dearest maid;
 For on yourself my heart all its love showers,
 All homage, by myself, to you is paid,—
 Ay, all earth's loveliness, forevermore,
 But teaches me your fair self to adore.

A PASSING FACE.

I caught but a moment's glimpse of her face,
 A face so radiantly fair,
 That every virtue and every grace
 In faith seemed to linger there;
 Dazzled, I turn but an instant away,
 I thought I had found my fate,
 In that face whose beauty failed not to display
 Wisdom and goodness innate.

Then I turned once more to look on her face,
 But it was not to be seen;
 The place it had hallowed was empty space,—
 Ah, was it only a dream?
 Perhaps—but that face I will never forget,
 Whatever my years may be;
 A memory dear, in a world of regret,
 Is the face, now lost to me.

WHAT THE TROUBLE IS.

It's not that sickness has brought pain,
Or sorrow made me sad,
(Although, what joys have not been slain,
Just as our hearts hoped to attain
That bliss which was most glad?)
No, it's not poverty that's come
And caused me such dismay;
It's not because I have no home,
Or, far away from there I roam,
That's turning my hair gray.

Not war, with all its dread alarms,
And all its woeful want,
(For war e'en has a reckless charm,
The soul to fire, the heart to warm,
Howe'er its spectres haunt;)
It's none of these distress me now,—
Nor fear they will distress;
But there is something worse, I vow,
As when I tell you, you'll allow,—
It's some strange change in Bess.

Dear Bess, who one time smiled on me
With such light in her eyes,
It thrilled my heart with ecstasy,
I thought this earth had grown to be
A perfect Paradise;
But not so now, for Bess has ceased,
(A week ago today,)
To care how much I love, at least,
Her kindness surely has decreased,
She's different someway.

No, it's not sickness, famine, war,
Nor poverty, I vow,

That makes my heart so sad and sore,
 They all cause grief, but even more
 Does Bess distress me now;
 I'm restless nights, I'm troubled days,
 Life's grown a wilderness,
 A barren waste where no joy stays,
 Since Bess no longer loves my praise,
 Although I still love Bess.

SUBLIMITY.

No sky, no moon can e'er compare
 With my fair lady's face,
 Her's is a loveliness more rare
 Than all material grace;
 No lily's charm, no rose's tint
 Her glorious cheek can match,
 It never was by heaven meant
 Such beauty they should catch.

No bird, however sweet its song,
 Like her clear voice can cheer,—
 Of all earth's myriad sounds among
 None else is half so dear;
 There is no stream, no lake, no sea,
 (Though beauty's synonym,)
 As fair as she can ever be,—
 Their charms, near hers, grow dim.

No ship that sails, no gem most rare,
 No art in all the earth,
 Can ever even seem to dare
 To have such grace and worth;
 And yet, I love all lovely things,
 My soul with joy they stir,
 But no one else such pleasure brings,—
 Naught else compares with her.

THE THOUGHT OF YOU.

Whene'er I read, or some one tells,
Some tale of perfect love,
Whene'er I see things beautiful,
Or hear them spoken of,
Whene'er I feel the moon's soft glow,
Or list the ocean's roll,
There comes to me the thought of you,
Thou guerdon of my soul.

The good which all my heart desires,
The beauty which I seek,
That song my ears most love to hear,
Earth's highest, noblest peak,
The acme of all blessedness,
The charm of fairyland,—
These all speak of what happiness,
You can for me command.

So that, already, it would seem
That you are really mine,
Else why should everything that's fair
And fragrant and divine,
All that is gracious and sublime
And wise and pure and true,
Draw out from me, and bring to me,
Always the thought of you?

They make me know that it is true,
You are my only love,
And if not wisely, then, too well,
My heart does you approve,
I want you more than all things else,
That ever love can plead,
Or I can know or think about,
Then, my prayer won't you heed?

Oh! say you're really glad, because,
 You are most dear to me,
 In all this world,—or any world,
 My eyes shall ever see,—
 For everything that's beautiful,
 And glorious and good,
 Reminds me always of the charm
 Of your sweet womanhood.

And so, whene'er I'm told about
 Some deed of perfect love,
 Whene'er I see aught fair and sweet,
 Or hear joy spoken of;
 The vision which comes to my soul,
 Is your soul's loveliness,—
 You are so fair, please, won't you, dear,
 Myself forever bless?

DESIRE.

Dear heart, thou art of heaven part,
 And I'd be part of thee,
 That precious part next to thy heart,
 Which beats so gloriously;
 Thy friendship, happiness, content,
 I gladly see thee share
 With all the world, as heaven meant—
 But hear, oh, hear my prayer!

Yes, thou dost bless with happiness
 And friendship everyone,
 Didst thou not give thou couldst not live,
 And thee I'd not have known;
 But, oh, that part of thy dear heart
 Which love alone may gain,
 Give but to me, and I shall be
 The most blest of all men!

FORTUNE TELLING.

I've counted the daisies' white petals,
And I've counted apple seeds, too,
I've cracked the wee bags made of rose leaves,
Aye dreaming of heaven,—and you;
And always they've told the same story,
That you will care, sweetheart, some day,—
Yes, you, in whose beauty I glory,
And who are so dear, everyway.

Not always, at first, would they tell me,
But, till they did, I'd try again,
Because, thought of you would compel me,
Though, hoping you'd care, oft seemed vain;
Ah, time after time I have counted
White petals and brown apple seeds,
Because, dear love, so much I wanted
That bliss to which your presence leads.

And so, always, one of the daisies
Decided that you would be mine,
While seeds of the apples and rose leaves
Told me that you would not decline,
And even the magical clover,
With its fairy four leaves, at last,
Foretold that your love I'd discover,
And all other loves I'd outcast.

Now, sweetheart, I'm coming to tell you
How wondrously dear you have grown,
To strive, with true love, to impel you
To whisper you will be my own,
To confirm that I shall be your lover,
As rose leaves, seeds, daisies all say,—
And the hope in my heart, and the clover;
O tell me, you're glad, please, I pray!

For you are the heart of my heart, dear,
 In your love all joy I would gain,
 It needs but one word to impart, dear,
 The most blessing I can attain;
 And then I'll be glad with a gladness
 Which never will my heart forsake;
 Nor ever again I'll know sadness,—
 But, say, "no!" and my heart will break.

SUPPLICATION.

I love you, my sweetheart, you only can be
 The fairest and dearest of maidens to me,
 There's a look in your face and a sound in your voice
 That makes you forever and ever my choice;
 By faith I can see now your glorious smile,
 So entrancingly sweet, O my love without guile!
 When you'll whisper you're glad that I love you so well;
 But the charm of your presence I never can tell.

No words I could utter can ever convey
 The thought of the wealth of your love for one day,
 The whole world's applause, for me, could not compare
 With one word of welcome your lips shall declare;
 O the joy and the preciousness of your dear love,
 There is naught else so wonderful, I can think of!
 And I pray for all this,—was man ever so bold,—
 To hope for such riches to have and to hold?

Oh, how my heart longs for the time to draw near
 When you will be glad that I love you so dear!
 When the luminous light in your beautiful eyes
 Will make my heart know I have found Paradise;
 Then won't you be glad, everything that I do,
 Is really and truly, dear sweetheart, for you;
 All I am, all I have, now to you I'd impart,
 For, more than the whole world, I love you, sweetheart.

"BESS."

Little Bess, I confess to a tenderness
Which none but a lover should know,
And the reason, forsooth, is, because, in truth,
Your voice has so charming a flow,
And your eyes are so bright with a tender light,—
Ah, do not deceive me, I pray,
With those glances so coy, which you, Bess, employ,
And the kind, gracious words, you say!

If I make a mistake, my heart it might break,
Then you would be sorry, dear love,
And no shadow of woe I'd have your life know,
But rather, all ill I'd remove;
You can fill, if you will, my heart with a thrill,
But remember love's marks long remain,
That the hopes you now give will forevermore live,
To bring my soul pleasure,—or pain.

Dear, if you expect that my heart you'll reject,
Should I lay all that heart at your feet,
Then, I guess, little Bess, you ought not to caress
With your glances so tenderly sweet;
What you say I obey, you can have your own way,
But tempt me not, sweetheart, in vain,
One can sometimes replace a rare, broken vase,
But a broken heart, never again.

Then beware how you dare, please, Bess, have a care,
It's the weal of a life, or the woe,
You now hold in your hand, it is yours to command,
Whether sorrow or joy I shall know;
That's why I confess, (how can I do less?)
Be lenient, then, sweetheart, I pray;
I'm sure you can see, as I also agree,
That what you command, I'll obey.

Ere too late, contemplate, why should you tempt fate,
 (You, who are both thoughtful and wise?)
 Or tempt me, when you see, how easy 'twould be,
 By the light of your soft grey eyes?
 Heed my song, think no wrong, and then you'll be strong
 To do just exactly what's best,
 And, some day, you will say, "it was wiser that way,"
 When love your own life shall have blest.

Then depart not, sweetheart, from real truth to wrong
 art,
 O play not with love just for fun!
 For that year may appear, it may even be here,
 When the light from *your* life will be gone;
 Do not jest, I request, I have frankly confessed,
 As frank, then, your answer should be;
 Have I lost, dear, or won, that warm heart of your own?
 Little Bess, will you share it with me?

ABANDONMENT.

If I had riches countless, dear,
 If I had years galore,
 Filled full with joy and fame and power,—
 Had I all these,—and more,

I'd never stop to use them, no!
 But right away I'd start
 To bring them every one to you,
 Together with my heart;

Yes, all of them together, now,
 Straightway to you I'd bring,
 For love, like my heart has for you,
 Ne'er holds back anything.

ILLUMINATION.

Do you recall that night, sweetheart,
The bright way we two went?
You were of it the happiest part,
To it most gladness lent,
As down the street 'midst music sweet,
Beneath that glittering arch,
We kept step with ten thousand feet
Which joined that care-free march.

'Twas banner week in Baltimore,
And many a banner flew,
They decked the town with flags galore,
Our own red, white and blue;
Though you and I seemed all unknown,
We were not lone nor sad,
Since I was pleased, with you, I'll own,
And you, I'm sure, were glad.

Ah, yes, you were, I know it's true,
'Twas plain, that night, to see,
As, care forgot, we two went through
That crowd from care so free,
Not meeting any one beside
Whom either of us knew,
And well my heart was satisfied
At being with only you.

For then, sweetheart, a little while,
You walked with me alone,
And sometimes from your eyes a smile
You sent into my own;
Bright was the light and sweet the sound
Of music in the air,
But most joy in the thought I found,
That you were with me there.

How sad's the joy which no one shares?
 What's pleasure without friends?
 Who can be glad when no one cares
 What fate their way attends?
 So, more than music, more than light,
 As by some charm endowed,
 It seemed to me was that bright night
 We two passed through the crowd.

THE FAIREST.

I wish I could make you know, sweetheart of mine,
 How pleasant your voice sounds, how bright your eyes
 shine,
 How comely your form is, how lovely your face,
 How you are the acme of goodness and grace;
 Than that you are perfect, what can I say more?
 Yet, every true lover has said that before,
 And every true lover thinks that it is new,
 When he says, "there never was maid fair as you."

But I know, my sweetheart, there never has been,
 Among all the loveliest children of men,
 One quite as attractive as you are, I trow,
 At least I am sure that for me it is so;
 For you are the ideal that my soul doth crave,
 The one darling woman my heart wants to have,—
 I long for you, pray for you, dream of you, dear,
 And joy only comes when your presence is near.

Your eyes are so wondrously, gloriously bright,
 Your smile is the harbinger of all delight,
 Your hair is a halo bewitching to see;
 Ay, all things most beautiful you are to me;
 And so I bring to you my heart's deepest love,—
 Oh, can't you, and won't you say that you approve?
 Then I shall be happy, so happy, sweetheart,
 You'll never, from one who's so glad, want to part.

SEPTEMBER TWELFTH

1914

One hundred years the battle's done,
One hundred years the victory's won,
By yeomen of our soil,—
'Gainst men of iron mold they fought,
Because to usurp our rights they sought,—
And strenuous was their toil.

But victory crowned truth's work at last,
And when the long, dark night was past,
Our flag was still far flung;
And then it was that Key wrote out
That song which rings the world about,
By millions of men sung.

“O say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming?”

One hundred million tongues now sing
The glorious strain and make it ring
The world 'round, clear and strong,
Though Key's passed on, and every one
Who then dwelt here from earth is gone,
Yet millions sing his song.

And still the flag of stripes and stars
Is flying spite of many scars
And battles it has braved,

And all the earth has learned to know,
At Fort McHenry, years ago,
Triumphant still it waved.

“Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, In God is our trust,
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.”

CULTURE.

What joy I’d know, if you, who are so dear,
Would welcome me always, and want me near,—
Why can’t you, though?
Then earth would be for me, sweetheart of mine,
Another name for heaven,—so divine
Life here would grow.

But, now, ’twould seem, you are in love, alas!
With all the modern arts that come to pass,
Instead of man;
Men you send off, and let them lonesome live
By their sad selves,—your presence cease to give;
Why just men ban?

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Love, as I trudge along life’s road,
Far over hill and dale,
Sometimes I think I hear your voice
My name in kindness hail,
And then, ah, then, the day grows fair,
The world seems filled with cheer,
And I forget the journey’s end,
Does not, as yet, appear.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

"Oval her face is, soft gray are her eyes,"

(For so the good fortune teller described her,)

"And she's quite tall, although not of large size;

While there is nothing to do wrong can bribe her;"

What's her name? where she lives? what she doth do?

These are the questions before my mind looming,

Does she look for me, and wish for me, too,

As I wish heaven will hasten her coming?

"Always, most truly my life she'll make glad,

And I will please her, there can be no doubting,"

And, (so the good fortune teller has said,)

"Now my life to her I'll soon be devoting;"

It's very strange, there's a maiden I met—

Not long ago, who reminds me much of her,

So I am hoping that it may be yet,

She's the same maiden who will be my lover.

Yes, I am wishing it shall come about,

Just as the Gypsy said, in words mysterious,

And I am waiting for her to speak out,

In love's fond language, so sweetly imperious;

I'll be so glad in her dear smile to bask,

Her voice to heed, to obey her commanding,—

Knowing that loving is ne'er a hard task,

When between hearts there's a right understanding.

Soon, I am trusting, "she'll change heart for heart,"

(As the good teller of fortunes has told me,)

And then I'm certain we'll nevermore part,

I'll never chide her, and she'll never scold me.

* * * * *

Gray are your eyes, like the Gypsy did say,

Oval your face is, and you're rather slender,

So, if I tell you, "I love you;" some day,

Don't you think, that you to love might surrender?

Maybe you will, dear, when you've read this tale,
 And realize,—it's of you that I'm dreaming?
 Say you'll not let the good fortune told, fail,—
 Have I not seen in your eyes love's light gleaming?
 Have I not felt by your side such delight
 As can be found only near a true lover?
 Oh, won't you say that the Gypsy was right,—
 That in yourself I shall all joy discover?

THE BOOK LOVER.

Into a library I went, where books are free;
 At first I picked up one or two, and looked them through;
 But, as their interest was small, my eyes would rove;
 And so I saw another book, more fair to see,—
 That's why a second look I took, then looked again;
 Autobiography it was, and poetry, too.

She stood behind the charging desk, dressed in "old-rose,"
 With hair light brown, and eyes soft gray,—a slight, fair
 girl;
 Her voice's tones—low, vibrant, sweet—made my heart
 glad;
 With joy I read her charming lines, the rest forgot.
 And when I stopped, I felt that I had learned a lot,
 (Ah, who would not?)

And then the library I left, but not the same,
 That last book thrilled me with delight I'll not forget,
 Although the name I do not know,—not even yet.
 But I know this,—that "old-rose" dress held truth pro-
 found,
 And lovelier 'twas than any book in vellum bound;
 For it contained more thoughts divine, more wondrous
 grace
 Than ever in a printed book has yet found place.
 Alas, of late, I've looked for her in vain!
 She's been "took out," and not "brought back" again.

EXPRESSION.

My, how sweet you looked last night!
What a gracious, happy light,
Danced in those bright eyes of yours,
Showing, back of them, what stores
Of dear womanliness abides,
For him who your heart decides
Is, for you, that man of men,
Through whom greatest joy you'll gain.

Two dear dimples in your cheeks,
Of the wealth of your heart speaks,
While your lips, (by Cupid bowed,)
Shows that heaven has bestowed,
On yourself, such tenderness
As will wonderfully bless
That one who (you'll sometime find)
Warms your heart, and charms your mind.

Feature after feature, I
Could enumerate; but why
Should I speak of high arched feet,
Shapely hands and voice most sweet?
Since they only emphasize,
What I've read in your dear eyes,
And your lips, carnation red,
Bowed by Cupid,—as I've said.

These things tell the world—and me,
You are more than fair to see,
For you are as true as steel,
And will be through woe and weal;
Staunch and faithful and sincere,
In your face is written clear;
Do you wonder that I write,—
“My, how sweet you looked last night!”

THE PASSING.

Sweet, lovely maiden, say, what shall I do,
Once again to become friendly with you?
You who so generously smiled upon me,
In those blest evenings which once used to be;
We were both happy, it seemed to me, then,
What shall I do to bring joy back again,
As when I saw you, not so long ago,
Your bright eyes agleam, your smooth cheeks aglow?

Yes, it is true, as you passed me today,
That you did smile, but in such an odd way,
That I'm not certain if you are still glad
When now I meet you, and so I am sad;
Tell me, I pray you, did I just think so?
Or did you mean, then, displeasure to show?
Have you forgotten, or would you forget?
And if I came no more, would you regret?

There is no other can quite take your place,
Just as no other can have your fair face,
Can be, exactly the way you are, kind,
Or give the welcome, you call to my mind;
You see I miss you, of course it is true,
Because no other friend e'er can be you,
That's why the warmth of your welcome, indeed,
In a peculiar way, my life doth need.

Whether it's foolish, or whether it's wise,
It's still surely true, (as we all realize,)
Life without friends is a desert of woe,
An inane existence, a vain, fleeting show;
How can hope bless us, or happiness thrill,
If there is no one whose heart we help fill,
And who fills our hearts with peace and content?
If these are wanting, for what is life meant?

Thus I am writing, so you'll comprehend,
I'm glad to see you, and still call you "friend,"
Though you are changed, (or it seems to me so.)
From what you once were, (just why, I don't know,)
Yet, when I saw you today on the street,
I wondered, indeed, if the change were complete?
Your cheeks flushed so lovely, your eyes shone so
 bright,
I felt we were friends, as of old,—am I right?

THE INTERIM.

Somehow, tonight I'm thinking still,
 About a maiden fair,
Who, yester-evening I was with,
 And didn't so much care,
But, now, my mind keeps turning back,—
 I wonder why it's so,
Since she is not so changed, it's true,
 From just a while ago?

She, still, is proper and sedate,
 And even somewhat cold,
Or, oversensitive, may be,
 And rather quick to scold,
Almost, one might call her unkind,
 When speaking, anyway,
And still, her heart, I'm sure is right,
 Whatever she may say.

I'm trying, though, to stop myself,
 From thinking about her,
Because, it doesn't seem most wise,
 I should herself prefer,
She would expect too much from me,
 In many ways, I fear,

At least more than is mine to give,
Of pleasure and good cheer.

She's stirling, though, and true blue, too,
A friend who'll be a friend,
Through thick and thin, in sun and rain,
And right on, to life's end,—
And so, in spite of all her faults,
As well as all my skill,
And though a whole day has gone by,
I'm thinking of her still.

* * * * *

Dear little woman, fair and good,
With hair soft golden brown,
What is it you have done to me,
Makes me forget your frown?
And only lets me think about,
The clear light in your eyes,
And of the heart so pure and kind,
And of the mind so wise?

What is it makes me want to go
And see yourself again,
Before the time I ought to wait
Has scarcely started in?
You're bright and smart, and so, perhaps,
You'll tell me, why, it's true,
I'm thinking, still, about last night?
Say! are you thinking, too?

HEART HUNGER.

Glorious sweetheart, I am waiting
Till the secret you disclose,
Of the perfect peace and gladness
No one but your dear self knows;

How you only can bless fully,
And bring heaven to my soul;
Won't you listen, won't you answer,
Won't you come and make me whole?

For, now, I am but half-hearted,
Without you it must be so,
Because all my soul is hungry
Your dear, precious love to know;
What the secret of your power is,
I can never, never tell;
But I know, that in you, truly,
All the best of me doth dwell.

ARE YOU SATISFIED?

Before I knew your own dear self, my love,
Or saw the clear depths of your eyes so bright,
Or had the sweetness of your voice thought of,
Soon as I heard your name, one summer's night;
I knew that you would, sometime, be more near,
Than any other could, however dear.

That's why, when we first met, I understood,
(Although 'twas dark, and I could scarcely see,)
By some strange mystic sense, some wondrous mood,
How good you were, and true, how fair to me;
That from the first you should attract my heart,
And of my life you would, thenceforth, be part.

And now that I have looked upon your face,
And known yourself, so sweet and full of cheer,
Since I have seen your ways of tact and grace,
I do confess, to me, you are most dear;
And so I want you, always, near my side,
I pray you, tell me, are you satisfied?

THE OVERFLOW.

As flows the Nile through Egypt's ancient land,
 Those who have seen it call it wondrous fair;
 And so it is, ay! more—for God has planned,
 And of it He takes care.

Ever it sweeps, with calm majestic tide,
 Through miles of charm, 'neath Afric's sunny skies;
 Its banks, green crested, are the river's pride,
 Its people strangely wise.

And yet, with all its grace and mightiness,
 Gave it not more, great wealth the world would lose,
 Hence striving ever earth still more to bless,
 Each year it overflows.

How like the Nile, friendship and brotherhood?
 For both are beautiful and helpful, too,
 And both, to men's lives, bring most wondrous good,
 By their calm, constant flow.

Ay, when men's lives have certainly grown great,
 Then they, their hearts, with little deeds, can't bribe,
 They must let love expand, or else—sad fate!
 Their souls they circumscribe.

Friend, stop not at one mile, if you the way
 To peace or joy some wanderer may show,
 Rather, with him, go twain, nor e'en then stay;
 Let love's stream overflow.

Then, like the valley of the glorious Nile,
 Great blessings back to you will come, also,
 For God's great love upon your life will smile,
 His grace all good bestow.

DREAMING.

I am dreaming, dear, just dreaming
Of the day when you'll be mine,
When 'twill not be only seeming
That your arms about me twine,
Since your love will be as real
As the sun that shines above,
And you will, for woe or weal,
Give back my heart love for love.

Yes, I'm dreaming, dear, just dreaming
Of the wondrous thrill of bliss,
When your eyes into mine beaming,
You will give me love's first kiss;
O the happiness and blessing
Of a friendship such as yours!
O the glad joy of caressing
One your soul loves and adores!

Now, I'm dreaming, dear, just dreaming,
But the dreaming will come true,
I can see the first rays gleaming
Through the shadows once I knew,
Soon your smile will bring tomorrow,
Soon love's sun, full orb'd, shine out.
Then no more my heart will sorrow
In the dreary night of doubt.

In that glorious sun of splendor—
Your dear love—I shall wake up,
Then your eyes will gleam so tender,
That I'll drink from joy's full cup,
And my heart will be a mirror
Which will shine back love to you,
Warmer, fairer, brighter, clearer
For the dreams which once I knew.



"I am dreaming, dear, just dreaming,
Of the day when you'll be mine;
When 'twill not be only seeming,
That your arms around me twine."

THE CHOICE.

"The choice of three she offered me,
And this red rose I took,
With fragrance sweet and bloom complete;
For it the rest forsook;
So fair it's grown, I've never known
A lovelier flower, I think,
It pleases me, most certainly,
Of its sweet scent to drink.

" 'Tis not so quick that I can pick
Of three dear girls I know,
Each is so fair, I hardly dare
To hope love they'd bestow,
And so I'll wait till some kind fate
The heart of one may stir
With hope most blest, then all the rest
I will give up—for her."

'Twas thus I wrote one time, I note,
But now I'm glad I'm free,
Because, I find I was just blind
To what was going to be.
Since there's but one beneath the sun
I'll ever love, I vow,
Not one of those I thought to choose,
They're all forgotten now.

For I have found joy more profound,
And happiness more sweet,
Than all the three who used to be,
Combined, could make complete;
Ay, even her who gave the flower
I have forgotten quite,
While evermore I shall adore
The girl I saw last night.

THE POWER SUPREME.

Wondrous things he could command to materialize,
This great mystic of the East; ah! he was so wise,
He could disappear, or come, on earth anywhere;
Though it seemed most strangely queer such things he
would dare.

Marvelously wonderful, more than odd was it,
For he looked like other folks, he scarce seemed a bit
Like a necromancer weird—just a sane, kind man,
Who, in talking, your heart stirred more than most men
can.

Yet, peculiarly, it seemed God Himself he knew,
Truth he'd studied all his life, hence strange things
could do,
But there was one thing, he said, which he was forbid;
He must have no selfish greed, but of self be rid.

Ay, that was the price he paid to do wondrous things,
Such as, on earth, few men can, (selfishness so clings,)
But I do believe if we would ourselves forget,
We might just as marvelous be as this seer I met.

Oh, the wonders love can do! wise all things above
Is a soul that's glorified by the power of love;
Love unselfish, pure, sublime, and (for others) bold;
So, if you great heights would climb, be by love con-
trolled.

For love is the power supreme, just unselfish love,
It may come in different garbs, but *love* it must prove;
Real love, guileless and divine, all things shall obey;
Such power may be yours, and mine, if the price we'll
pay.

For love, there's no price too high, as you will find out,
 If you'll just yourself deny, beyond any doubt;
 Then you'll have God's perfect peace, and great deeds
 will do,
 When all selfish thoughts shall cease, and just love rules
 you.

Marvelous things he could command, this most modest
 priest,
 Who dwelt in love's mystic land, in the far off East;
 But one thing he was forbid, (so he said to me,)
 Of self-love he must stay rid, or his power would flee.

IMMORTALITY.

Rising in smoke, which lasts so short a while,
 The great log, burning, holds my heart in thrall,
 Cheering and fragrant gleam its rising flames,
 And then a few grey ashes,—that is all.

Where are the bending boughs and rustling leaves,
 Which but a few months since brought joy to me?
 And will they ever now return again?
 How nobly grand was that great spreading tree!

Can I, myself, return again to life?
 To love and joy and every other good
 Which I have known, and then forever live,
 More than that tree which once majestic stood?

Praise God! I can and shall forever grow,—
 Though how, or where, I may not see today,—
 But that I am immortal, well I know,
 God in me, I in God, shall live for aye.

THE RIDE.

As, far from town, through woods and fields,
And over country lanes,
With you I rode where pleasure yields
Its best and richest gains;
What loveliness, what joy of life,
That day was ours, sweetheart?
Far off from selfishness and strife,
Earth seemed of heaven part.

You looked so fair within the frame
Of Nature's loveliest charms,
A perfect poem life became,
The thought my heart still warms,
I was so pleased and happy, then,
To be with you alone;
That I, of all the sons of men,
The most blest was, I'll own.

Yes, peace and plenty and content,
And happiness were there,
With you beside me,—heaven sent,—
How could I have a care?
Far from the world, forgot was pain,—
And every selfish thing,—
Dear, you were richer, better gain
Than all earth's wealth can bring.

So we rode on, just you and I,
Our hearts filled full with love,
I blessed the day, the fields, the sky,
The God who reigns above;
It seemed then Eden had new birth,
And just we two dwelt there,
For life was filled with joyous mirth,
And earth was more than fair.

Yet, even though we could not stay,
 Where fields and woods and skies
 Made earth a Paradise that day;
 Whate'er this world denies,
 Still would my heart be glad if you,
 Of all God's gifts most blest,
 Were only left, since it is true,
 That, of them all, you're best.

And long as you are happy, dear,
 I never will complain,
 I pray your soul shall know no fear,
 Your heart will have no pain,
 Your body will from ill be free,
 Your mind free from distress,
 Let mine the trial and trouble be,
 And yours all things that bless.

But, after all, why may we not,
 Always, as then, be glad?
 Why should not God still bless our lot,
 By us all good be had,
 As long as we on earth remain?
 Why should we not still ride
 Far off from all that's wrong and vain,
 To where all joy doth bide?

So I do hope, that, to life's end,
 You still will ride with me,
 And never cease to be my friend,
 Through all eternity,
 Not even when we enter in
 The golden gates above,
 To dwell where life's a song divine,
 The old, sweet song of love.

HOMAGE.

I have looked on an angel of God,
I have worshipped the pure and the good,
I have trod the same streets that she trod,
She has been to my life daily food;
Then, oh, how could my heart turn to sin!
Though enchantingly charming it seemed;
When one time to that shrine I went in,
Where the glory of her gladness gleamed?

O my soul! such a thing could not be,
Though of hunger and thirst you should die,
Since she smiled on you once, you're not free,
Even if you could be, you'd not try;
Though she deigns not to notice you now,
Yet, forever, you must give her praise,
For, my soul, you are hers anyhow,
You are hers, and hers only, always.

It may be, when she sees you are true
To the love that long since she inspired,
She will turn again, some day, to you,
And your love will, by her, be required;
Or at least it may be, when she sees,
How, in spite of all discouragement,
You are faithfully striving to please,
That her heart will be glad, with content.

It may be, in my voice, in my eyes,
Or in something I do, or do not,
That, at last, her soul will realize
In my heart she is never forgot;
And she'll turn—O heart, beat not so wild!
She will turn again gladly to you,
With the confident faith of a child,
And the passion of womanhood, too.

And as far as existence can reach,
 And as long as God's goodness shall bless,
 To my soul she will happiness teach,
 With a love which will never grow less.
 While my heart, as its gladness outflows,
 Shall bestow on her, comfort and bliss,
 Such as only love's best beloved knows,—
 For, always, I shall love her, like this.

STRAY THOUGHTS, (AT CHURCH.)

Whenever Helen is away,
 From her accustomed place,
 And when I have looked all around,
 And cannot see her face,
 My heart grows cold, my interest flags,
 No matter what is done,
 No matter who shall speak or sing,
 Or how bright is the sun.

I haven't any comfort then,
 All restless is my mind,
 I do not take in what is said,
 No blessing can I find,
 In any thought, in anything,—
 What's all this world, I say,
 When dear, sweet, lovely Helen Wright,
 From her place is away?

But, oh! when I do see her face,
 Then all is glad and bright,
 There comes such warmth into my heart,
 The world's filled with delight,
 There's wisdom in all that is said,
 There's joy in each word sung,
 When she, with all her loveliness,
 The audience is among.

And I know I should happier be,
Within the plainest cot,
Though humble were the fare, and scant,
And others praised me not,
If she were there, and were content,
Than in a palace grand,
Surrounded by the whole world's wealth,
The world at my command.

Then, just to think, what happiness,
How wondrous good 'twould be,
If I could see fair Helen Wright,
Glad, always, to see me,
And glad to have me hear her voice,—
What bliss, what pure delight!
Oh, how my heart goes up to God,
In prayer for Helen Wright!

And I am hoping Helen Wright
Is praying, too, for me,
As kneeling, now, not far away,
Herself, at last, I see;
For, when she lifts her head, there gleams,
From those bright eyes of hers,
A light which makes me think, "may-be
'Tis me whom she prefers?"

BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU.

Because you are yourself alone,
You're all that I desire, dear,
No other maid I've ever known,
Like you can I admire, dear;
That's why it's true, I do love you
More than I love all others;
Then take me for your lover true,
And let the rest be brothers.

THE WISH.

I wish that I could sing a song,
 Which would, indeed, please you,
 Because, to please you, I so long,
 I'll be sad till I do;
 But, oh, the difficulty's this,
 Though helped by fairy wands,
 My song can bring you naught of bliss,
 Unless your soul responds.

It matters not how well I tell,
 How tenderly I sing
 The joy your beauty doth compel,
 How true my words may ring;
 If you are listening to hear
 Some other voice than mine,
 There's nothing I can say will cheer
 Your own heart, I opine.

And yet, I wish that I could sing,
 So that your heart would know
 How great the homage is I bring,
 The good I would bestow;
 Forgive me, then, that now I write
 What seems so commonplace,—
 How you are dearest of delight,
 And fairest of all grace.

Sometime some other tongue may tell,
 Perhaps the same words, even,
 And make you understand, too well,
 The joy I would have given;
 And you'll remember, maybe, then,
 (Just for a moment, true,)
 And understand how I felt, when,
 My singing pleased not you.

CRUEL CIRCUMSTANCES!

Near to thee, love, near to thee;
Seems to me, love, seems to me,
I could brave all sorrow, pain,
But the wish, love, is in vain;
Thou, the favored child of fate,
With the rover may not mate;
Fair in fortune, fair in face,
Well thou art fitted for thy place.

Honored, courted, loved, obeyed,
In thine actions grace displayed,
In thy soul, all faith and truth,
In thy heart perpetual youth;
Yes, I love thee, but resigned,
I'll not tell thee, I'm not blind;
I see thou art scarce for me,
Although, darling, I love thee.

I call on thee, hear thee talk,
I laugh with thee, with thee walk,
We are good friends, it is well;
But, my love I may not tell,—
Circumstances say, beware!
Riches sever, dost thou care?
Couldst thou love me, spite of all,
Would thy fond heart heed my call?

But, no! sweetheart, none shall know
That I love thee; yet,—'tis so,
Thou art dearest unto me,
And forevermore will be;
But these lips no word shall speak,
This heart no return shall seek;
It were foolish, it were vain,
I should hope thy love to gain.

I give all, love, naught I ask,
'Twould be but a useless task,
Thou, the favored child of fate,
With the rover may not mate;
So I stand far off and sing
Of the love I may not bring,—
How thou art, in all the earth,
To me, of the greatest worth.

'CROSS THE CHESAPEAKE.

Sweetheart, can you hear me speak,
On this side the Chesapeake,—far, far off from you?
Does your heart now comprehend
That to you my thoughts extend? tell me, is it true?
If it is, then, oh, my dear!
My heart it will fill with cheer, and soon I'll come back,
Back to Maryland, and you,
Dearest girl I ever knew, whose charm knows no lack.

No, it is not really bleak,
This side of the Chesapeake, (though you are not here,)
For I still remember you,
And, in dreams, I see you, too, with a vision clear;
And I'm trusting you want me
Near you;—just as I would be near your side always;
So, down in Virginia's land,
(Or wherever God has planned,) I'll aye sing your praise.

In my heart I hear you speak,
Even now, in Chincoteague, see your smile most sweet,
For I never can forget
The delightfulness of it, never, I repeat;
Nor your words so kind and wise,
Nor the soft light in your eyes, which such joy imparts:—
If you're glad, please tell me, dear,
My heart's calling, now, you hear, in your heart of hearts?

REST.

What marvelous wealth of graciousness
God's kindness has revealed,
Though earth may never fully bless,
In heaven all wounds are healed;
For there abideth perfect peace,
Contentment full and free,
And gladness which will never cease
Through all eternity.

Health, peace and joy, blest triune good,
Triumphant there, will blend,
While, strangely sweet and wonderful,
All trials and cares will end;
No anxious thought for coming days,
('Twould not be heaven then,)
Ah, should it be so here on earth,
Then heaven had come to men !

Forever safe from harm, how blest !
No yearning unfulfilled,
And there no soul is e'er distressed,
But evermore bliss thrilled,
Because they will have found love's goal,
Yet love will still increase
While endless ages onward roll,
'Mid joys that never cease.

Yes, up there glorious peace will come,
And ever with us bide,
For we'll have found, then, love's own home,
Where souls are satisfied;
Joy sweet beyond all earthly ken
Will dwell in every breast;
O glorious revelation, when
We bide in God's sure rest !

BE STRONG.

Be strong, my soul, remember that, God is!
 He rules alone, and there is none beside;
 All wisdom, power, truth and love are His,
 And He, always, thyself doth guard and guide;
 And so, O soul of mine! thou shouldst reflect,
 Aye, mirror forth His wisdom, love and might;
 And when thou dost all that is wrong reject,
 Thou shalt, indeed, dwell in His perfect light.

FOR HER I WAIT.

I thought I saw love's glorious, wondrous light,—
 It came so strangely soft, yet glad and bright,
 Across the dearest face I've ever seen,—
 I thought I heard the voice of my heart's queen,—
 That she had come to me,—with joy she flushed,
 And then her lips touched mine,—my soul was hushed
 With rapture and delight,—life grew divine,
 So that no words my gladness can define;
 And yet I cannot tell, without a doubt,
 If she was real,—for sense was put to rout,
 And joy controlled,—it may have been a dream,—
 But, oh, so glorious, so blessed I deem
 The touch of those pure lips, the love they bore,
 That mine are sacred now forevermore
 From all things that defile or are unclean,
 And nothing false my heart from her can lure.
 Oh, soul of mine, be faithful, sinless, pure,
 For have not my lips touched those of a queen?
 My own dear queen,—at least I thought as much,
 Though she said naught, but only gave love's touch.

While time shall last,—by her I have been blessed,
 For her sweet lips to my lips have been pressed;
 Dream lips, perhaps,—may be a dream I saw,

But unto me she has become a law,
And ne'er again can come such joy and bliss,
Unless she draweth near and bringeth cheer,
Unless her voice I hear, and feel her kiss,—
She is so beautiful, so good, so dear;
For her I wait—till time or fate or tide,
Or what things God sees best, full satisfied,
Shall bring her to my breast as heaven meant;
And then,—but not till then,—I'll know content;
(The only door through which all joy is given,
The only gate that lets men into heaven,
Here on this earth, or in the courts above,
Swings on the hinges of a perfect love.)

I know that she'll come back,—and when,—ah, when
I look on her most lovely face again,
And see that it is she, my very own,
In flesh and blood, yet even fairer grown,—
A paean I shall sing forevermore
To that dear woman whom most I'll adore;
Unto my soul more blessed than any dream
Will be her low, sweet voice, her eyes bright gleam;
For, oh, the wonder of her self shall be
More glad, more good, more kind beyond compare
Than any dream can be, however fair!
What joy to think,—each day my eyes shall see
That she is happier far my love to know
Than all the wealth and fame of earth can make
A woman's heart,—most glad for my love's sake,—
While every hour her life shall happier grow;
And long as we shall live,—in earth and heaven,—
My life with good her precious love will leaven,
And I shall give the gracious God all praise,
Because her love shall make me glad always.

INTO THE LIGHT.

Out of the depths of despair He hath brought me,
 Into faith's region of beauty and light,
 Out of my pain and my weakness hath taught me,
 That in His presence there never is night;
 Sickness and sorrowing, trouble and fearing,
 All are forgotten when to Him I come,
 For near His smile there is fulness of cheering;
 How could God, goodness, mean darkness and gloom.

O! it is glorious, wonderful, precious,
 To comprehend, truth is infinite love;
 God, the All-wise, the All-pure, the All-gracious,
 All that my soul needs, or wants, doth approve;
 Pity that knoweth no bounds He bestoweth,
 Tenderness which never tires nor abates;
 His peace and blessing all my life now knoweth,
 Because before Him my soul ever waits.

Casting care on Him, from care He releases,
 Bringing my weakness, I cease to be weak,
 Weariness, dreariness, fearfulness ceases,
 Since I have learned to be faith-filled and meek;
 God is so wise, I will trust Him forever,
 God is so true, all my heart He has won,
 Never again shall sin from His love sever
 Who is my righteousness and strength alone.

There is no false power can worry or bother,
 Can "nothing" take peace and blessing from me?
 Since God is one God there can be no other—
 From shades and fancies, then, why should I flee?
 Rather I'll rest in His arms safe, contented,
 Being perfected, for when truth draws near,
 Evil, by whatever name, circumvented,
 Into its nothingness must disappear.

RUTH.

O, big brown-eyed girl, with your guileless soul!
Of you I am going to prophesy
What happiness some day shall be your goal,
In the wonderful land of bye-and-bye;
In that gracious land you shall surely find,
A lover as noble and brave and good,
As long ago entered into your mind,
And better, I think, than you've understood.

Now you are dreaming a beautiful dream,
And now you are picturing visions of bliss,
Which are scarce possible, (or so 'twould seem.)
Yet, in bye-and-bye you shall have all this,
For the sailor brave, or the statesman wise,
Or the scholar learned and of great renown,
From somewhere, I'm sure, shall at last arise,
And yourself, the queen of his heart, shall crown.

So I pray be ready his coming to greet,
With a welcome that's gracious as queens of old,
With character lovely and heart as sweet
As ever by minstrel or bard was told;
For, to you, he cometh as sure as fate,
He's now on his way down the path of time,
You've only, with patience, a while to wait,
And up to love's castle he's bound to climb.

You'll really meet him at just-the-right-place,
In the marvelous land of bye-and-bye,
This valorous youth of a gentle grace,
Who for you, already's begun to sigh;
Then, do not give up to an ideal less fair,
Nor ever doubt that he's certain to come,
As for him and happiness you prepare,
Who will bring to your heart content and home.

O, big brown-eyed girl, with your guileless soul!
 Be patient and hopeful, his advent wait,
 Let no other man from your love take toll,
 For he will come certainly,—soon or late;
 But I'm only telling you what you know,
 What in dreams you've lived, and in visions seen,—
 Without fail he'll come, and on you bestow
 The crown that will make you, indeed, a queen.

AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY BALL.

This pink rose I plucked from her corsage bouquet,
 But she only smiled, and she did not say nay,—
 And so, thus I reasoned it out, wouldn't you?
 That she did not object,—and, then, I took two;
 Two lovely pink roses with fragrance most rare,
 Great pleasure they brought me, for they were so fair,
 Like she was last night, in the Armory Hall,
 When we danced at the Naval Academy Ball.

Then, first, by the merest of chances, we met,
 'Midst that brilliant throng where the Naval cadet,
 And their officers danced,—a sight fine to see,—
 Oh, yes, I did take these rare roses, these three;
 She was not displeased, then, so, is it not plain
 She was glad I took them? or logic is vain,—
 Yes, she even smiled, so I'm sure that it's true,
 Although it seemed bold, 'twas the right thing to do.

Besides, she was charming, her eyes were so bright,
 And I knew so few who were dancing last night;
 And so she took pity, and did what she could,
 With a tact only known unto sweet womanhood;
 She passed by, for me, all those uniformed men,
 And made life most glad for a stranger, just when
 I would have been lonesome as lonesome could be,
 If she had not given those dances to me.

Then I took these beautiful roses, yes, four,
You can see for yourself that there are no more,—
Unless one might say that she, too, is a rose,
In which case I might,—well, perhaps, might propose
To take herself, also; I wonder, don't you?
If it would have pleased her had I offered to?
I wonder if she would the fifth pink rose be,
Thus making a quintet of roses, you see.

There's luck in odd numbers, say, haven't you heard!
Ah, yes, I'd be lucky, I would on my word,
If I asked this fifth rose, and she would say, yes,
But, I'll wait a little while longer, I guess;
It scarce would be seeming to ask her so soon,
To grant me this other and still greater boon,
But, sometime it may be, (now, don't you suppose?)
That she might give to me, this most perfect rose?

This rarest and fairest and loveliest flower,
Which yieldeth such fragrance and wieldeth such power;
Since those first four roses which to me she gave,
I can such a little while their beauty save;
While this Rose will live through eternity—ay!
For the soul that's within her shall never die,—
This most witching Rose who with happiness glows,
And, forever and ever, more glorious grows.

But now comes an Ensign who takes her away,
And leaves me alone,—it's most always that way,—
Their clothes are so fetching, their manners so brave,
How can a civilian know how to behave,
How to talk, what to do in the Armory Hall,
When Annapolis middies are having a ball,—
So girls won't forget them? Alas! my fifth rose,
Ne'er gave me herself, but a lieutenant chose.

BUT THIS I KNOW.

Sweetheart, I can't explain the cause,
 Why you so very dear have grown,
 Excepting that love knows no laws,
 But only love,—it is its own;
 Yet, this I know, that it is so,
 You are most dear unto my soul,
 And, always, dearer still you grow;
 Of pure delight you are the goal.

Once, other women may have seemed
 As dear and beautiful, its true,
 But since your glory on me gleamed,
 My heart has turned, from them, to you;
 Now, no one else, however fair,
 In my eyes, can with you compare.

ATTAINMENT.

And so you are that maiden fair and wise,
 For whom I've waited long,—so very long!
 I thought you'd never come, when—blest surprise—
 I turn and find myself your friend among,—
 To me you're known.

I am so glad, sweetheart, to clasp your hand,
 To hear your voice and look into your eyes,
 To find you're she, who heaven for me planned;
 You are so rarely sweet, so truly wise,
 My heart you've won.

No more I'll say "good-bye" to joy, or you,
 But, "au revoir," (until we meet again,)
 Because I know that it is surely true,
 I'll love you best, and love you not in vain,—
 Till life is done.

SYLVIA.

Yes, many Isabelles I've known,
And Marys,—I'll admit,
And Dorotheys and Catherines, too,
All for good friends most fit;
And I was glad to be their friend,
And happy, if may be,
They wished to have me smile on them,
Or cared to smile on me.

At times I even have expressed
How I admired their graces,
How much their happy manners pleased,
And how fair were their faces;
Sometimes I've thought I could have loved,
This one or that one best,
And for her gentle, gracious sake,
Recall no more the rest.

But never did I Sylvia meet,
Until the other day,
Surrounded by the fields and woods,
Where elves and fairies play;
That is, I think it must be so,
Because she is so sweet,
They must come there if anywhere,
Her charm is so complete.

When she walks in those garden paths,
I think they follow her;
Also, I think, to every flower
She comes near, must occur
How beautiful and kind she is,
This dear, delightful maid,
And all the birds must sing more sweet,
When by her smiles waylaid.

I never did meet Sylvia, no,
 Until a few weeks since;
 But, now I'll not forget, I trow,
 Though I may not convince,
 As quickly as I wish I could,
 This shy nymph of the farm,
 How gracious is her every mood,
 How much her favors charm.

THE DREAM.

I dreamed such a wonderful, beautiful dream,
 About such a glorious friend,
 So witchingly lovely to me she became,
 I hoped the dream never would end;
 But now I am waking,—and, oh, it's so drear!
 Because, she is fading away,
 And taking with her all the charm and the cheer,
 Which, where she is, ever will stay.

Ah, yes, in that dream she was thoughtful and kind,
 And always she welcomed me there,
 Her smile was so glad, and her manner, I mind,
 Attractive was as she was fair;
 A long time it lasted, that vision so blest,
 (It seemed to my heart it was years,)
 And to me it brought such contentment and rest,
 My heart forgot troubles and fears.

I hoped that I never would wake up, for I
 Forevermore wanted to dream,
 Since never there came to my heart, then, a sigh,
 So witching was her smile's glad gleam;
 I'm sorry I'm waking, I rather would be
 A dreamer of dreams till life's end,
 If only in beautiful dreamland with me,
 She'd still be my glorious friend.

I WONDER?

I wonder, dear, can it be true,
You hear, though out of sight,
The sighing of my soul for you,
Across this dark, cold night?
And can you, will you answer back
With just one little sigh?
Or will my absence mean no lack,
My prayer bring no reply?

You do enjoy "just living" so,
You have so many friends,
So rare and sweet and fair you grow,
Your gladness never ends;
And that is right, for why should you,
Or any one so good,
Have any cause their life to rue,
Or know one saddened mood?

Why, just to be where you abide,
Fills my heart with content,
Just one smile of yours will provide
Joy naught can circumvent;
Until, alas! I must leave you,
And then joy disappears;
(A thing, of course, it should not do,
So much your memory cheers.)

Ah, yes, some happiness is left
To keep life from being vain;
When of your presence I'm bereft,
I dream you're near again;
Your face I see, your voice I hear,
Your memory doth inspire,
And sweet hope brings its precious cheer,—
Else of life I should tire.

But still, I wonder, is it true,
 You hear, though out of sight,
 The sighing of my soul for you,
 Across this dark, drear night?
 Ah, if you do, then I'll not rue
 The happiness I miss,
 Because I'll know some day that you
 Will bring my heart all bliss;
 But if you won't, or, if you don't,
 Then woe, indeed, is me,
 For I must say, "good-bye," and sigh
 Through all eternity.

OBLATION.

Were there any incantations,
 Any prayers, or any charms,
 Any mystic, strange vibrations,
 Which the heart with true love warms;
 Any deed that I could do, dear,
 Any word that I could say,
 Which would help me to woo you, dear,
 Then I would appeal that way.

For I love you and adore you,
 Spite of every reason why,
 Perhaps I should not implore you,
 Now to hearken to the cry
 Of my inmost heart's devotion,
 Such devotion, as, indeed,
 Without any charm or potion,
 For yourself will always plead.

True, there must be this condition;
 I can not accept your love,
 Unless, of your own volition,

Without question, you approve;
Yet, for you I'm always yearning,
Is there not one little spark
In your heart, already burning,
Which my way to heaven will mark?

O most precious, I beseech you,
Do not my desire deny!
Let my soul's deep longing reach you;
Answer swiftly my hearts cry,
For it's true, of you I'm growing
Always fonder, I confess,
Until, dear, there is no knowing,
How much your loss would distress.

So I'd bring now my oblation,
And love's magic words I'd say,
Hoping some blest inspiration,
Will cause you to turn my way;
Whether it be simple charming,
Or some wondrous mystery,
I care not, if your heart warming,
You, at last, my own will be.

WHEN YOU COME.

The darkest night of weariness or dread,
The roughest road my feet shall ever tread,
Will hopeful grow and smooth, when it shall be
That you, dear love, will come and walk with me.

The fairest day shall be more fair, sweetheart,
When you have come, and we no more shall part;
Ay, every day will be a path to heaven,
When your dear love unto me you have given

IF SHE BUT KNEW.

Dear heart, if she might only see
 The passion of my love,
 'Twould make her glad, and never sad,—
 She could not but approve;
 If she just knew each star, (it's true,)
 And every blade of grass
 Her eyes have seen, to my heart, mean
 More than words can express.

That every road we two have trod,
 Is dearer for her feet,
 And every place I've seen her face,
 Holds memories most sweet,—
 She would be glad, and never sad,
 And always give back love,
 Long as we two earth's presence knew,
 And then, for aye, above.

INFLUENCE.

I'm turning now to her again,
 The sweetest girl of all,
 To others I have turned in vain,
 She only can enthral
 So that my heart is satisfied
 For longer than a day;
 By their smiles I am gratified,
 But with them I can't stay.

For always to her I turn back,
 So truly she charms me,—
 There's something all these others lack,
 Which in her seems to be;

I know it's just herself, of course,
Who to myself appeals
With some persistent, winsome force,
Which soothes and calms and heals.

And yet I hesitate oft-times,
To seek to see her face,
Whose name, for me, with gladness rhymes,
Whose form, to me, means grace;
How can I ever worthy be
Of such a friend, indeed,
Or how can she so much want me,
As for her I have need?

That's why I'm turning back again,
And yet again to her,
Elsewhere content I've sought in vain,
Her, always, I prefer,—
Who first a little girl I knew,
Just turning sweet sixteen,
The one most coy and blest and true,
That I have ever seen.

L'ENVOY.

I can not help but wonder, dear,
If you will guess it's true,
(When you see these lines written here,)
She—I thought of—was you?
For if you do, and if you're glad,
And if you'll tell me so,
Then, nevermore will I be sad;
Such happiness I'll know.

PLEASE BID ME WELCOME.

Dear little friend of long ago,
 Who once was wondrous kind,
 I hope you will be glad to know
 You're always in my mind,
 You're always in my inmost heart,
 Most treasured and best loved,
 No gift of heaven, no work of art,
 Has, like you, my soul moved.

So my heart turns to you again,—
 How can I keep away,
 When others' charms are all in vain,
 Whate'er they do or say?
 Because yourself, sweetheart, (how true!)
 With longing fills my breast;
 Please bid me welcome, dear, won't you,
 To happiness and rest?

THE MATCH.

Until the end, Elizabeth,
 You'll be my friend, Elizabeth,
 Of that, there is no doubt;
 I'll tell you why, Elizabeth,
 I'll not deny, Elizabeth,
 The way I found it out.

It was a match, Elizabeth,
 Which I did watch, Elizabeth,
 And it broke not, nor bent,
 Unto the end, Elizabeth,
 That's why my friend Elizabeth,
 Shall bring my heart content.

MY HEART'S IDEAL.

How glorious you were last night!
And when I told my love
Your face became so glad and bright,
'Twas plain you did approve,—
Oh, I have looked so long to find
The ideal of my heart,—
That one among blest womankind
Who will all joy impart!

And you were she for whose sweet sake
All others I forsook,
I knew there could be no mistake,—
It needed but one look,
From your eyes, my heart to subdue,
All trust in you I had;
You were so beautiful and true,
You made my whole life glad.

Though never seen by me before,
I knew you were my choice,—
That maid whom I'll always adore,—
Soon as I heard your voice;
The one soul God in heaven meant
To me should be most dear,—
And so you were by heaven sent
My life to bless and cheer.

I saw you, sweetheart, and I know
That you are surely she
Into whose life my own shall grow
Through all eternity,—
The perfect ideal of my heart,
Without a single flaw,
Who will to me all joy impart,
And all my love outdraw.

I knew your face, your voice, your eyes,
 I even knew your name,
 And I knew you were truly wise,
 And that to me you came
 Because the good God planned it so,—
 Perhaps in ages past,—
 For love in heaven starts to grow,
 On earth it wakes,—at last.

And then, sweetheart,—and then I woke,—
 It only was a dream,—
 But I will vow 'twas you who spoke,
 I saw your bright eyes gleam,
 I heard your voice, I touched your lips,
 You were my joy, my pride,
 I loved you to your finger tips,
 And you were satisfied.

And now I seek to find you out,
 Dear sweetheart of my dream!
 For I know that beyond a doubt
 You do not only seem,—
 You cannot be so far away,
 Since I saw you last night,
 And heard the tones of your voice say,
 You did my love requite.

Please, then, let me your own self see,
 In human flesh and blood,
 By daylight come and bide with me,
 Most blest of womanhood;
 I've waited, dear, for you so long,—
 No other one would do,
 For any other would be wrong,—
 I was made but for you.

ARE YOU SHE?

Are you that one of nameless grace—God's grace to me?
There is a radiance from your face, most good to see,
A beauty words can scarce express is written there,
Which must forever please and bless,—it is so fair;
No, I'll not strive to search out words, but you can guess
What happiness your grace affords, how it does bless,
Since by most kindness it is lit that e'er I knew,
And shows so plainly, worth and wit indwell in you.

It's needless that I should state here exactly what
Makes you so good to me appear, and I could not,—
But every attitude you take is symmetry,
And every movement that you make is grace, *per se*;
Then there's a sound about your voice which charms
me, too,

It's like she'll have who'll be my choice, it rings so true;
Ah, voices so well indicate which way lives grow,
That often they decide men's fate, right well I know.

The loveliness within your eyes does love attract,—
Before I scarce could realize, it was a fact,—
They draw me on, and on, and on, to happiness,
So full of tenderness they've grown, so truly bless;
And yet, there's something more divine than your bright
eyes,

Which makes me want you to be mine, I recognize,—
Something more spirituelle, indeed,—yet, truth to tell,
Just your two eyes all charms exceed, my love compel.

Still more of praise my heart would say, but language
fails

The half of my thoughts to convey,—yet, my soul hails
The beauty which is in your own with pure delight;
Though words I think can not make known half I would
write;

But I am sure you'll comprehend, and understand
The meaning which my thoughts intend,—perhaps you've
plan'd

What my soul longs for and approves,—may be you are,
(And why not?) she whom my heart loves, my guiding
star?

I hope you're glad yourself I plead,—at least it's clear,
Exactly such a friend I need as you appear,—
O, if you care, please do not wait, but let me know,
Ere it shall, hapless, be too late to tell me so!
Then I shall be the happiest man upon this earth,
Because I shall that blessing gain of greatest worth;
My life with all good won't you fill? Please say you're
she

Who evermore my heart will thrill with ecstasy!

CONSUMMATION.

I've waited long, dear love, to see
The glory of your face,
The fairest in the world to me,
So pure's its truth and grace;
And when I saw you first, last night,
I could not but approve,
You are so beautiful and bright,
My heart was thrilled with love.

So please, oh, please my lover be
Forever and a day,
Then joy that's glad beyond degree,
Will always with us stay;
For I'll love you so dear and true,
Your heart will never tire,—
And, because I am part of you,
All of me you'll inspire.

THE BUD.

Here, before me, it is blushing,
Like some maiden just between
Childhood's charm and woman's wisdom,
Who's just turning sweet sixteen;
For, though not yet all expanded,
As a bud it is complete,
Its fair petals shyly opening,
Its rare fragrance wondrous sweet;

Now, indeed, it seemeth perfect,
With no hint of drooping yet,
Thus do maidens linger fondly,
In youth's land of No-Regret;
Lovely rose, now gazing on thee,
I would fain forget that thou,
Ever can be faded, scentless;
Thou shouldst always stay as now.

Flower, by nature, not man, painted,
Nature formed, not man designed,
Thou hast life, by God's love given,
So thou dost bring love to mind,
How couldst thou be quite as lovely,
Unless life were in thee, too?
So thou dost excell that beauty,
Art, in vain, would seek to woo.

And yet thou art less than human,
In a season thy life's past,
But the beauty of a maiden,
Through eternity will last;
Both expand to richer fullness,
Still they differ much, 'tis plain;
Buds of last year are forgotten,
Souls shall live when ages wane.



THE BUD.

"For the rose is but a body, which, awhile, is fair to see ;
Soul immortal is a maiden, living through eternity."

It shall know no other beauty,
 Than this beauty now it knows,
 Her's shall grow beyond conceiving,
 Where life's river ever flows,
 For the rose is but a body,
 Which, awhile, is fair to see;
 Soul immortal, is a maiden,
 Living through eternity.

And yet, thou art very lovely,
 And remind me much of her,
 In thy freshness and thy sweetness,
 Thou dost, also, my soul stir,
 With a glad and happy feeling,
 Which I can but ill express,
 Only, she is fair, forever,
 Thou dost last a week, or less.

THE WAYS OF A MAIDEN.

He sang of a maiden divinely fair
 As ever lived on earth,
 Yet not one smile, even, with him she'd share,—
 What cared she for his worth?
 What were his thoughts, or his words, unto her?
 What was his worship, even?
 Why, songs, to riches, should she prefer?
 Though love with each song was given?

She has many friends who are wondrous kind,
 Wealthy, and wise, and famed,—
 He is a writer of verses, I mind,
 By the world of power unnamed;
 By the worldly wise he is noticed not,—
 For him why should she care?
 But in her heart's fiber his face is wrought,
 And she is glad it's there.

VERLINDA.

Verlinda, Oh, Verlinda, what atmosphere of grace,
What sweet and rare refinement, in dress and voice and
face!

What light of faith and duty from out your dark eyes
shone,

When my hand clasped your own, dear, in days now
long since gone?

How well I can remember the gladness of your smile,
Your thoughtful, gentle manner, which was so free from
guile,

When, in that home in Norfolk, one little week we met,
And then,—I had to leave you,—did you also regret?

Close by historic Jamestown, o'erlooking ocean's waves,
Way down in old Virginia, how strange one's heart
behaves?

And, mine has never been, dear, just quite the same since
then,—

Right oft that harbor's beauty, I long to see again;
Perhaps it was the moonlight, perhaps the waters blue,
Perhaps,—what do you think, dear? perhaps 'twas being
with you?

But, anyhow, my heart's love, towards Virginia turns,
For now there's something in me, which for the South-
land yearns.

I want to look once more, dear, on your patrician face,
You were so kind and gentle, you had such charm and
grace,

Down by the old James River, when last you walked
with me

Beneath the moonbeams' quiver,—I long yourself to see;
Verlinda, Oh, Verlinda! I wonder if you, too,

In thoughts still kind and tender, wish that time to
renew?

I wonder if you're thinking, ay, even hoping, dear,
(As I am doing this evening,) some one might re-
appear?

"MY FRIEND."

Little girl, most wondrous fair, whom all folks commend,
Was it strange I learned to care, and called you "my
friend?"

That your smile won my regards, when I first met you?
Do you wonder, afterwards, still more dear you grew?

Soon, of you the live-long day, I began to think,
Till, because of your bright way, love I longed to drink
As a deer that pants with thirst, longs for some cool
brook,—

Then I named you "sweetheart" first,—for "love" you
awoke.

Now, ah, now, what shall I say? you can surely guess,
Though it seems so far away to love's longed for, "yes,"
Love, a still more precious name, than "friend," or
"sweetheart,"

Won't you let me sometime claim? or,—or must we part?

Do I mean yourself, you ask? that's for you to say,—
If it's not too hard a task, perhaps "love" you'll play
Till the play to truth shall turn, and you're glad it's true;
But, if you can never learn, then, it's not for you.

Me, you do not need to mind, just so you're not harmed,
Like you've been always, be kind, and I'll still be charmed,
Till, some day, you go away, and our play will end;
Then, I'll dream of that glad day,—when you were,—
"my friend!"

ST. VALENTINE'S BIRTHDAY.

St. Valentine's birthday once more comes around;
As kindly a saint as has ever been crowned,
For, unto all people, his name now means "love,"
The tenderest kind you can ever think of,
That kind which will live through all sorrow and pain,
Which gives the best happiness life can contain.

A man to each maiden the good saint would bring,
Her graces to love and her praises to sing—
Provided, of course, she has faith to believe,
And, when the man comes, she is quick to perceive,
Without any waiting or wondering why
He loves her so dearly. Oh! let not go by
The man who would make you his own darling wife,
Or you may regret it the rest of your life.

I'd not use coercion, nor stoop to deceit,
I only suggest to you that time is fleet,
And if you can think of a man good and true,
On St. Valentine's Day, who is pleasing to you
More than any other that you can recall,
And if you can give him, with gladness, your all,
Then wait not one moment, but quickly do this,
Because it will fill you with unalloyed bliss;
Just send him a message of love and good cheer,
And tell him you're waiting for him to appear.

Of graces and virtues, most bliss "love" can claim,
Neither honor, nor riches, position or fame
Can ever bring to you such blessing and peace,
For "love" shall live always and always increase;
Oh, waste not your life looking for four-leaved clover,
For soon are the years of youth's blessedness over,
And although by waiting a prince should appear,
Some things you will find may be paid for too dear.

So if you've a lover who's constant and true,
Why, tell him today that he's dearest to you;
Yes, send him a message by Saint Valentine,
And the good saint toward you his heart will incline,
For this is the day of Saint Valentine's birth,
Who taught "love" is greatest of all things on earth.

THE SUMMER'S END.

Farewell, dear heart, but not for aye,
For soon, I hope, we'll meet again,—
Say "*au revoir!*" but not "goodbye!"
It gives the heart too much of pain;
Oh, say our parting shall not be
Like this fair summer we have known;
But which we nevermore shall see,
Since it, into the past, has flown.

Smile tenderly before we part,
As though it would not be for long,
'Twill ease this aching at my heart,
The memory of it make me strong;
Yes, fair glad summer leaves with you,
To wish for its return is vain,
But, sweetheart, tell me you'll be true,
And that you will come back again.

'Tis "*au revoir!*" then, is it not?
And not "goodbye!"—oh, not "goodbye!"
Mine were forsooth a hapless lot,
If parting from you were for aye;
For, oh, my friend! you've grown so dear,
That I shall seek for joy in vain,—
Such as I've found this gracious year,—
Unless you will return again.

THE TWO OF US.

A rover I'd be, always happy and gay,
Ever gathering sweets from each flower by the way;
Just sipping of pleasure and tasting of love,
To constancy often a truant I'd prove;
All sweethearts I'd welcome and not have a care,
My love with a dozen or more I would share;
For beautiful women so fair are to me,
How could I help loving all that I should see?

Just beauty itself is a charm and delight,
And when we add to it the eyes that are bright
And the voice that is music, oh, who would not choose
Such blessing and joy—who, indeed, could refuse?
So tied to no one love, each maid I'd love some,
Blue, grey, hazel, brown eyes—they all should become
As dear unto me as flowers are to the bee,
For I'd be a rover—unfettered and free.

This maid I would love for her beauty and grace,
That one for the character shown in her face,
Another because of her style, or her pose,
The charm of her voice, or the tilt of her nose;
This one I would love more because of her birth,
And that one because of her goodness and worth,
But each one, to me, would be dearer by far
Than ever their best loves to other men are.

And I,—quoth my "other self,"—never will do
Such things as you say, but will always be true
To that one I seek for,—yet my love will be
All things that you speak of,—and more unto me;
In goodness and gentleness she will excell,
Not half of her virtues words ever can tell,
So attractive her manners, so lovely her face,
She will be the acme of womanly grace.

A vision exquisite, her heart pure as gold,
 How could I in her aught but blessing behold,
 How could I help praising her day after day,
 Until all eternity had passed away?
 And I shall be satisfied never to know
 Any love but that love her own heart shall bestow,
 For never in thought, even, I'd turn aside,
 From her who for me heaven's grace will provide.

Her slightest behest I will strive to fulfill,
 And ever be ready to do all her will;
 I shall be so glad in the light of her smile,
 No other my heart from her love could beguile,
 Or ever could tempt me from her side away,
 If only she'll want me beside her to stay;
 From the first—and forever—I will faithful prove
 As the sun to the orbit in which it doth move.

And thus do the two of them tug at my heart,
 And keep ever striving to pull "me" apart,
 Oh, how can a bachelor ever do right,
 When 'twixt his two selves there is such a strange fight?
 Sometimes one triumphant, and sometimes the other,
 (It's harder because we're the son of one mother;)
 My "other self," though—I'm inclined to believe—
 At last shall the wreath of the victor receive.

WORDS CAN'T EXPRESS.

I can't explain, exactly, the reason why—
 I've peace, if you are present, if not, I sigh;
 Nor why your voice gives solace, your glance gives cheer
 So glad, I wish that, always, you would stay near;
 But I do know, I miss you; words can't express
 How deep, when I don't see you, is my distress;
 So, please, when you've been absent, though I keep still,
 Remember, dear, I've missed you—and always will.

THE WREATH.

Your hair is beautiful, sweetheart, aye, fair
As ever has been seen since woman's hair
Has crowned her head,—besides it charms complete
 With fragrance which makes my blood riot wild,
 Hence, my heart is beguiled
With joy and happiness whene'er I greet
The sweetness of it,—for it is so sweet,
I can not tell how sweet, words can't impart,—
 For, ah, there is no language can express
 How much such wealth can bless!
But well I know, that, to my mind and heart,
It gives delight beyond all human art.

Your hair is glorious, a wreath, indeed,
 Which 'round my heart its silken threads has wound,
 Till it's completely bound;
And if you took it off now it would bleed,
Or even break,—so let it serve my need;
Ay, let it stay, I plead.

ARE YOU GLAD?

Fair, rare, bright-eyed, sweet-voiced girl,
Who now set my heart aw whirl,
With your winsome, pleasing ways,
Which I love so much to praise;
Can it be that it is true,
What you really want to do,
Is to make me comprehend,
That you'll love me to life's end?

Still, it's hard just now to see
Why you are so kind to me,

When so little I can give,
And so much you might receive,
Which you have a right to claim,—
Riches, pleasure, wealth and fame;
But, of these, my share's so small,—
Strange you think of me at all.

Yet, most thoughtful little maid,
I ask you'll not be afraid;
Rather you'll be satisfied
With what my life can provide;
For all my heart certifies,
In you I'd find life's best prize,
Worth all effort to attain,—
Let me not, then, strive in vain.

Maiden lovely to behold,
And with graces manifold,
Healthy, wholesome, spirituelle,
What words half your worth can tell!
And, because it all is true,
May I not receive from you,
More than friendship, for awhile,
And then, "goodbye!" with a smile?

Won't you say it will be true
That I shall grow up to you?
Won't you help me braver be?
So much good in you I see;
Can you care, ah, do you care?
Are you glad I call you fair,
Love to look into your eyes?
Won't you, dear, with love surprise?

MY LASSIE.

My sweetheart is a lassie dear
As ever lived on earth,
Few are the lassies that come near
To her in grace or worth;
My lassie is so wondrous sweet,
Sweeter than all flowers are,—
However fragrant, I repeat,
My lassie's sweeter far.

My lass, she is a lassie bright,
All gladness she combines,
A sunbeam full of truth and light,
Into my heart she shines;
My lassie is a lass profound,
More wise than any maid
That dwells in all the country 'round,
By hill or dell or glade.

Ay, my lass is a lassie good,
And gracious as can be,
So darling in her every mood,
She's all the world to me,
And all my heart's love she has won,
Yes, every bit of it,
For, oh, in all the world there's none,
For me, I think, so fit!

Nay, there's no lassie anywhere,
So dear in all the earth,
Her presence brings to me such cheer,
It calls all my love forth;
Oh, may I make her aye so glad,
That soon her heart she'll give!
Then, in this world no other lad,
So well content will live.

JOSIAH.

She loved full many men, I'm told,
 And each did her prefer,
 'Twould seem they all were rich and bold,
 And yet, Si never stopped to scold,
 He just kept loving her.
 She was so young and full of life,
 A maiden fair to see,
 One who would make a glorious wife;
 I wonder not there was such strife,
 About whose wife she'd be.

Ay, one by one, each did confess
 Herself he did adore,
 And offered all he did possess,
 (How, to her, could he offer less?
 How not his love outpour?)
 They feted her in every way
 That men can think about,
 They were, for her, both brave and gay,
 And much they sought near her to stay;
 Time put them all to rout.

Because, they only *thought* they loved,
 Since she *seemed* to prefer;
 It flattered them to be approved,
 They came, they went, Si never moved,
 He just kept loving her.
 At last, she, also, understood,
 What Si could scarce express,
 How pure his love, how true and good;
 Then she rewarded, as she should,
 His dumbness with a "yes."

SOMEWHERE.

Heart of my heart, are you waiting?

Waiting for me, now, somewhere?

With a desire unabating,

That in your life I shall share?

You who are fairer than roses,

You who are purer than dew,

You who in dreams my heart chooses,

Just because, sweetheart, you're you.

Heart of my heart, are you watching?

Watching for one such as I?

Who though your goodness not matching,

Always to please you will try;

When shall I see you and hear you,

Glorious ideal of my heart?

How my soul longs to be near you,

Who of itself will be part!

Heart of my heart, you are somewhere,

Waiting my own self to see,

So now I hasten to come there,

Quickly, O love! as can be;

Eagerly I seek your greeting,

Fondly I watch for your smile,

Whose joy my own joy completing,

Shall bless my life all the while.

Heart of my heart,—yes, I am coming,

Angels most surely will guide,

For I'm so tired of roaming

Always away from your side;

Heart of my heart,—God in heaven,

Won't you please soon let us meet?

Then shall two souls know that heaven

Which alone makes life complete.

FAITH.

Ay, God, indeed, does work in diverse ways,
 He uses means which seem to men devoid
 Of sense or wit, so simple they appear,—
 Some call them amulets, or spells, or elves,
 Or fairy sprites, or intuition keen;
 But, by whatever name our souls take in
 The mightiness of God, the Spirit's power,—
 It still is true, love's angel thoughts do come
 To those who let them in, and strengthen them,
 And give them wiser ken, and surer guide,
 And comfort them with peace and confidence.

And so I, too, would be a little child,
 And question not the how, or where, or why,
 But just receive, without a doubt or fear,
 The gifts of God, the riches of the soul;
 And therewith everything, in earth and heaven,
 That ever is worth while, myself shall gain;
 For I've but to believe, and I shall be
 Blessed by God's love through all eternity.

I may not see and hear and understand,
 But I know, God, all good for me has planned,
 And so, forgetting all of earthly lore,
 Always I pray, and trust Him more and more;
 I stretch my soul, and I am blessed, indeed,
 For I have found all grace for every need.

God gives,—not mine to question, why or how?
 I know He gives, I've but to accept, now!
 Ay, if I but have faith the word to say,
 His angels I'll command, and they'll obey.
 For thus the Christ himself, God's Kingdom preached,—
 By faith's all-conquering word all good is reached;
 Yes, God, indeed, does work with diverse means,
 But, ever, through them all, faith intervenes.

AMONG THE HILLS OF MARYLAND.

I want to thank you, if I can,
For one fair, lovely day
Among the hills of Maryland,
Where I was called away
From city noise and city cares,
And from the busy mart,
To generous hospitality
And friendliness of heart.

Spontaneous, free, my welcome was,
That kind which really flows,
Because it must, it cannot stop,
But aye itself bestows,—
A sympathy that's without stint,
A tact that's wondrous wise,
Which fills the heart with hope and cheer,
And all earth beautifies.

And so I write my gratitude,
(Or so my pen essays,)
Because it was my privilege
To spend one of my days
Amid such graciousness and charm,
To breathe the soft, fresh air
Which crossed those lovely hills and dales,
The while I lingered there.

I thank you for the comforting
Delight of "home, sweet home,"
I found within your blest abode,
While I ceased, then, to roam;
The resting strengthened me and gave
New courage, I confess;
'Tis good to know and feel always,
How much friendship can bless.

And then the quiet hour that day,
 When in God's house, with joy,
 We worshipped Him who giveth peace
 Which nothing can destroy,
 I would recall, so you will know,
 I was glad to be there,—
 My reverence and faith to show,
 To lift my heart in prayer.

So now to you this note I send,
 To thank you for the grace
 That welcomed me so royally
 Within your own home place;
 Ah, yes! I'm sure I'll ne'er forget
 That summer day so fair,
 Among the hills of Maryland,—
 It seemed so far from care.

A SONG OF TRUST.

I may not see one day ahead of time,
 I do not know, even one little hour,
 What God intends, but I know He is power,
 And that His every purpose is sublime;
 He means I shall attain, though my sight's dim,
 Unmeasured grace, joy's never ending dower,
 And every blessing heaven on earth can shower;
 All that helps man from want, to weal, to climb.

I do not understand, I only know
 That He does all things well, and will always,
 Until, (for seeming ill,) I sing His praise
 In heaven above; thankful, that here below,
 With wisdom absolute, He guided me,
 And that His kindness lasts eternally.

THE MESSAGE.

I'm sending you again, dear love,
The message of my heart,
How first and last I still think of
Yourself,—hope won't depart;
You are so really kind and sweet,
In all you are and do,
To be with you is joy complete
Such as comes to but few.

For, oh, the crown of hair dark brown,
(Fit setting for your face,)
Is lovelier by far, I'll own,
Than I can e'er express;
And every curve and feature, dear,
Which makes you who you are,
Draws me for aye to you more near,
Keeps me from others far.

I know it may seem strange, indeed,
And may be foolish, too,
To think you will my heart's cry heed,
For friendship fond and true,
And yet, I do have visions of
A home most wondrous fair,
Which will be filled with perfect love,
Because you will be there.

Ah, yes, I dream, and dream again
About your every charm,
Nor count life altogether vain,
Though far from you I am;
Your loveliness I ever see,
It's graven on my heart,
A picture of rare sanctity,
With which I'll never part.

It's true, dear love, I know it's true,
 Because, although I've sought,
 None other, I've found, fair as you,
 So with real worth inwrought,
 And, hence, I'm sending you once more,
 This message most sincere,—
 Yourself so dearly I adore,—
 Won't you my heart's call hear?

CONFESSION.

O my lover! come, now, to me,
 Do not wait for me to send;
 You, I think of; you, I dream of;
 You, I'll care for till life's end:
 I may seem indifferent, careless,
 I may smile on other men;
 But, by all the laws of woman,
 I want *you* my heart to gain.

As Eve loved no man but Adam;
 Isaac but Rebecca knew;
 As Ruth gave herself to Boas;
 So I give myself to you;
 Only, you must come and get me,
 Even force me to confess
 That I care for you so dearly,
 For you, I'd brave all distress.

Yet, my lover, still remember,
 Though my soul with love's aflame,
 You must want me, till it hurts you;
 Though I flee, my heart must claim:
 For the love I'd give is warmer,
 Fiercer than I dare to tell;
 Oh, then, won't you make me listen,
 And my love's response compel!

MY FATHER'S THE KING.

*(The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth
no sorrow with it.—Prov. 10, 22.)*

The earth—and the fullness thereof—
With all that that means, is the Lord's,
And He is unlimited Love,
Whose blessing all riches affords;
Whatever we wish we may choose,
For all wealth that ever was known,
God made—for His children to use—
And we are most surely His own.

He is as the oil,—we the lamp,
He is as the groom,—we the bride,
Let Him on our lives His love stamp,
And in us forever abide;
Reflect, now, the light of His grace,
Accept, now, the riches He gives,
And soon we shall see, face to face,
All good comes to him who believes.

Whatever we want may be ours,
If only we'll know it is true,
For Christ gave us all His own powers,
He said, "greater things shall ye do;"
Ay, the wealth of the world,—everything
That we need, or desire, is our right,
It is ours, for our Father's the King,
Who is Lord of all riches and might.

Then trust Him, without any fear,
Believe Him without any doubt,
So you shall be filled full with cheer,
And all trouble be put to rout;
We have but to ask to receive,—
There is nothing He cannot afford;
Why should any thing ever grieve,
A child of Jehovah, the Lord?

IT'S SUCH A WASTE OF BLISS.

Why do you cast your bright eyes down,
 When I would see their glow?
 And why, on every one but me,
 Your gracious smiles bestow?
 One time I did not care so much,—
 Though always your eyes charmed,
 And always have your glances, dear,
 My heart with gladness warmed.

But, now, I miss each glance of yours
 Which my eyes do not see,
 Then, won't you please not cast them down,
 But over towards me;
 They've grown too precious thus to lose,
 It's such a waste of bliss,
 And, oh, my heart's so hungry, dear,
 For every glance I miss!

THE MYSTICAL WELL.

Oh, have you heard tell of that mystic well,
 Whose waters are most sweet and pleasant?
 Just one draught, they say, will drive pain away,
 And cause joy, always, to be present;
 On him, or on her, who drinks, 'twill confer
 The greatest of gladness and pleasure,
 Contentment and bliss, and—still more than this—
 It giveth its gifts without measure.

Most happy their lot, who find that blest spot,
 For they will gain every delight,
 If they're brave and true, and bold enough, too,
 To drink there,—and find they are right;
 Hence, many are they, who seek every way,

To drink from this wonderful well;
And some pay small heed, (so urgent their need,)
To the rest of the story folks tell.

O my friend, beware! do not rashly dare
The laws of this country to break,
For the pleasure is fleet, and the punishment meet,
Which follows hard in error's wake;
There's a bad taste left, and oft they're bereft
Of all joy,—at least, for a season,—
Some become so blue, (though it's sad, it's true,)
That, they, even lose their reason.

For these there's no cure, till they shall endure
Full measure of sorrow and pain;
Ay, the price must be paid when truth's disobeyed,
Wrong doing seeks blessing in vain;
There's no antidote which doctors can quote,
Though they shall be most learned, indeed,
If one shall refuse the right well to choose,
Because of inordinate greed.

Mistakes, though, it's said, are not often made,
For there is a way one may know,
It's hard to explain,—but still not in vain,
At once to the right well to go;
Many wells, there, are found, in truth they abound
In that land where life is so fair;
Each tells the same tale,—there's one will not fail
To find perfect happiness there.

Yes, the fairy strand of this marvelous land,
I heard some one speak of as "youth,"
And the other side of that great divide,
Is "old age," if I'm told the truth;
While the "well," (do not start,) is a human heart,

Which pours forth this nectar so sweet,
And that which they drink is called "love," I think;
It makes joy or sorrow complete.

And, now that I've told of this land so old,
No doubt you'll be looking for it,
But, oh, have a care, of all wells beware!
Till you find the one well for you fit;
To gain its great cure, every trial endure,
And stop at no other well's brink;
But, when you do know, to that well, straight go,
And the draught of the gods, there, drink.

THOUGHTS.

Yes, every tale of love I hear,
That's brave and sweet and true,
And every home that's filled with cheer
Makes my heart beat a little queer;
As hearts sometimes will do;
And every good wife's loyal love,
And every sweetheart's smile;
Whate'er to others they speak of,
My heart with thoughts of some one move,
Who's, oh, so free from guile!

Always I pray it shall be so,
She'll nothing good e'er lack
Which earth upon her can bestow,
Or which those blest of heaven can know;
And may her heart ne'er ache;
Of course it's idle, maybe wrong,
What's gone by to regret;
Still, every sweet and gracious song
Does make my heart for some one long,
Some one I can't forget.

THE BIRTH OF THE VIOLET.

True, the Great King's garden was wondrously fair!
For everything lovely and fragrant grew there,
From the tiniest plant to the largest tree;
And the King loved always their beauty to see;
From the least to the greatest He knew them all;
Each one, by its name, He could readily call;
And so, all alone, in the clear morning's air,
At the dawn of each day, the good King walked there.

Alas, one fair morning, as He looked around,
So many things wilting and drooping He found,
Most perplexed and distressed was his Grace, the King,
Since the best skill and care was given each thing;
Their soil was well cultured, of rain they'd the best
They'd sunshine and fresh air, indeed, they were blessed
With all the attention that plants need or crave,
Because all they wished for, the King always gave.

And so the King pondered: "Now, what can it be
That so sorely troubles each flower and each tree?
And why so peculiar do they act today?
Why all of My kindness so strangely repay?"
Then He said to an oak tree with wilted leaves:
"I pray you, now tell Me, what is it that grieves
One so bless'd as you are, so perfect and strong?
Great oak tree, has anyone done you a wrong?"

And thus, to the King, then, the oak tree replied:
"King, is it not true, many wants I've supplied?
Have I not, to earth, given beauty and shade?
Are not ships and houses from my timbers made?
But see yon green cedar, so straight and so tall,
While I'm very crooked and rough, after all."
Then the King asked the cedar tree why it was sad,
When so much was given to make its life glad?

And the cedar replied: "Though graceful and fair,
My fruit with the fig tree seems not to compare;"
But, even the fig tree bowed lower its head,
"Why can't I bear grapes like the vine does, it said?"
And so each one foolishly made vain complaint,
(Yet, why should a tree, more than man, be a saint?)
For each one most happy, indeed, would have been,
Had it just refused to let jealousy in.

So each plant exploited its tale of sad woe;
Though they had no reason, or right, to fret so;
For the truth was, in fact, each one wanted to be
From that which was wisest and best for it, free;
Still, little it mattered, because, just the same,
Not one of them, ever, some new thing became;
What each was intended to grow, that it grew,
(And I'm sure the same thing, with people, is true.)

Then, wearied, the good King looked down on the ground,
There, smiling and happy, a heartsease He found;
And He said: "Little heartsease, why are you so glad,
When all of these larger plants are strangely sad?"
"O King! I am happy;" the heartsease replied;
"Because all I've need of, You always provide,
Then why should I wish for what can not be mine?
Or, for things I need not, why vainly repine?"

"Yes, just the best pansy, I can, I will be,
Then, I am quite certain, You will smile on me,
Because with all wisdom, You must surely know,
Where pansies are planted, there pansies will grow;"
And the King was well pleased; and He said: "I will make
A rare, sweet companion for your lovely sake;
You are without perfume, although very fair;"
And so the blue violet first blossomed there!

BE YE WISE AS SERPENTS.

(*Matthew x. 16; John xii. 54.*)

Think you that God commends rash men
Who needlessly tempt fate?
That bearing useless ills will win
His blessing consummate;
'Twas not so with our gracious Lord,
When He was here on earth,
For when His enemies were stirred,
To them He gave wide berth.

"Then no more openly He walked,"
Because they sought His life,
For having bravely to them talked
About their greed and strife;
Though meek and lowly, He was wise,
Christ Jesus, the divine,
And sought for safety in disguise,
This wondrous Lord of mine.

He never praised pain, but endured,
Because, indeed, He must;
If I from sin's curse should be cured,
And God remain still just;
For me He suffered, why should I
More suffering search out?
Why should I scourge myself, or die?
His grace why should I doubt?

He said: "Though innocent as doves,
Be wise as serpents are,"
For prudence always He approves,
Himself He did not mar,
Or ever say we should do so;

Our wise and gracious Lord
Would never have us seek for woe,
Nor perish by the sword.

Our bodies being God's temples, we
Should surely care for them,
Both thoughtfully and prayerfully,
And not to ill condemn;
Why should king's children starve their hearts,
And beat their bodies sore?
When their own heritage imparts
To them love's boundless store?

No, I'll not yearn for suffering,
Nor long for needless woe;
Why think that thus I'll please that King,
Who would but good bestow?
To vanish sin and death, He came
From heaven; for you and me;
And He tells us all heaven to claim,
By force—if needs must be.

So, if I must, then I will fight,
And if I must, be sad,
But if I can I'll more delight
In making others glad;
For I seek yet a better way
Than bitterness and strife;
In truth, I would His words obey
Who gave, for me, His life.

WHISTLING ON THE CHESAPEAKE.

There's a fog all white and ghost-like down the bay;
So there's blowing of the whistles all the day;
I can hear them—warning! hailing!
For the ships still keep on sailing,
However dense that fog of sombre gray.

When the weather's wet and heavy just like this is,
It's much wiser boats should whistle—for a miss is
 So much better than colliding
 With another vessel, riding
In an opposite direction—that's a crisis.

Oh, the ships that have been wrecked for want of blowing
Of the whistles, when white, fleecy flakes were snowing,
 Or the mists were upward rising,
 If we knew, would be surprising,
When the ships, across the sea, are coming, going!

But the boats which (through the fogs) keep whistling
 ever,
They go safely as they sail o'er bay and river;
 And though many ships shall pass them,
 There is naught which shall distress them;
All because (through mists) their whistling ceases never.

Oh, it's whistle, whistle, whistle all the way!
When it's dark with fog, or cloudy is the day;
 For the ships are coming, going,
 And there's never any knowing,
If the whistling stops, what then will be to pay.

That it's so with men and women, is not guessing,
When the fog of trouble comes, their sight distressing;
 If they'll whistle only gently,
 Even though it's accidentally,
They will safely pass through ways the most depressing.

So then, on your lips let smiles be aye prevailing,
When the day is fine, and smooth shall be life's sailing;
 But when life with storms is bristling,
 Purse your lips and start to whistling;
And your safety, I am sure, will be unfailing.

BID ME NOT GOOD-BYE.

Can't you see that you're my only and most dear sweet-heart?

That, with you, I'm never lonely, from you, I'd ne'er part;

Yes, there were some others, surely, in the days gone by,
Who looked in my eyes demurely, I will not deny.

But there always was a doubt, love, (that is really true,)
Them I think no more about, love, I but think of you;
You who in my sight are glorious, you who are most dear,—

Life, with you, would be victorious, trouble disappear.

I coquetted not, before you into my heart came,—

How then could I now adore you? how your friendship claim?

Long my soul for you was reaching, others only taught,
So that I might use the teaching, when time yourself brought.

Yes, they came and looked me over, (some were very fair,)

But I was not their right lover, so they didn't care,
At least not as my soul wanted, nor do they miss me,—
By not one of them I'm haunted,—only *you* I see.

Only you, awaking, sleeping, just for *you* I sigh,
For my heart is in your keeping—bid me not, "good-bye!"
Rather, precious sweetheart, tell me, that you are my own,—

Say you'll not for aye compel me to live sad and alone.
Can't you hear me? Won't you hear me in your inmost heart?

Won't you come and always cheer me? say, no more we'll part!

Now, that I have looked upon you, and learned what love is,

Let me, in my heart, enthrone you—be my perfect bliss.

THE LOVE-FLOWER.

You're lovelier far—well, my heart knows!

Your fragrance is more rare
Than any rose that ever grows,
Though roses are so fair;
I'm looking now at one most sweet
And beautiful to see,
It is both lovely and complete,
As far as flowers can be.

A little, tiny, wee, small bit,
It hints how fair you grow;
A soul through endless ages fit
Love's blessing to bestow;
But there's no earth flower e'er can be,
A million millioneth part
As lovely as you are to see;
O love-flower of my heart!

And yet, since this rose is so good,
So fragrant and so fair,
It brings to mind your womanhood,
Your charm beyond compare;
Yes, marvelous, truly, is the grace,
Of this flower of the earth;
But, ah, besides your own fair face,
How little is its worth!

Then, since your charms and virtues both,
Are measureless, indeed,
I plight you my undying troth,
And for your own self plead;
Thou soul immortal, love divine,
Would now that I might call
Thy heart, sweetheart, mine own, all mine,
And hold it, aye, in thrall.

Yes, hold you by a love so great,
 You'd always be my friend,
 My true help-meet and loyal mate,
 Through ages without end;
 O maiden fair beyond compare!
 Dear flower of deathless soul;
 Won't you, with me, your sweetness share
 While countless eons roll?

Unlike this flower, which, for a day
 Wears earth's most lovely dress,
 And then forever fades away;
 Your life shall always bless:
 For deathless, indeed, is your love,
 And it doth fragrance give,
 More rare than aught that I know of.
 O flower for which I live!

LOVE'S TOUCH.

It is not true that I exaggerate,
 Or over-emphasize your charm and grace,
 The glory of your hair, your eyes, your face,
 For they are lovelier than words can state;
 Have I not looked on them and seen innate,
 The beauty of the soul which they encase?
 As 'twere the adornings of some perfect vase,
 Which you have filled with fragrance animate.

Oh, no! I do not say one thing unreal,
 You are, indeed, as lovely as can be,
 A glorious woman, wonderfully sweet;
 Who, to my soul, doth more of joy reveal
 Than in all earth besides my eyes can see,
 Because love touched them,—making you
 complete.

CONSOLATION.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."

Little friend, who now are tried,
By the transient pains of earth,
Who, awhile, are being denied
Things which seem of so much worth;
Let me whisper in your ear,
There is naught can do you ill,
If you'll cast out every fear,
Trust God's care, and just lie still.

Sleep or wake in perfect faith
That God, always, is your friend,
Know, He is no passing wraith,
But pure love, which has no end;
Be assured that He will bless,
You, and all who are your own,
With a wealth of tenderness,
Which for all trial shall atone.

He is changeless, perfect good,
And with peace your life will crown,
If you'll just trust as you should;
When you're tired, then, lie down
In His tireless, gentle arms,
And rest there, safe and secure:
Close to Him there's nothing harms,
His love is so strong and sure.

In His presence is full joy;
Therefore, if with joy you'd bide,
Far from where earth's trials annoy,
Just keep very near His side;
Then, I'm sure, you'll find it's true,
Everybody you will bless,
And all people will bless you;
Since God's goodness you'll express.

JUDITH.

Fair Judith! she of damask cheek and swanlike throat,
 Why was it, unto me, too late, her charm was taught?
 Why looked I in her soft brown eyes, saw her dark hair,
 When it may never come to pass for me she'll care?
 I can not fathom out (who can?) the ways of fate,
 Ah, if I had but herself found before too late,
 How wondrous glad, how filled with joy life might have
 been?

She is so near to loveliness and bliss a-kin.

Hence, I her faithful servitor would aye have lived,
 I would herself always have loved,—yes, for her grieved
 When even for a little while we parted were,
 But now, alas! it is too late her heart to stir.
 And so, sad fate, I may not try to gain her grace,
 Though lovelier than words can say is her fair face;
 But Judith I will not forget: she's, oh, so sweet!
 How can I ever not regret no more we'll meet?

Although too late, alas, too late, herself I met!
 I still shall dream, and dream of her, and not forget
 How once I saw her hair's rare sheen, her dark eyes glow,
 And wondered why we did not meet long, long ago.
 Fair Judith, graceful as a fawn, with lips love fraught,
 A little while, (so short a while,) my heart she taught
 To understand how wondrous blest life might have grown
 If she had only come long since, and been my own.

WHEN LOUISE SMILES.

When Louise smiles, the dimples play
 In both of her fair cheeks,
 Her bright eyes sparkle in a way
 Which joy awakes;
 Her presence is so bless'd a charm;
 When she's near, nothing riles;
 One's pulse beats fast, one's heart glows warm—
 When Louise smiles!

FROM CHINCOTEAGUE TO BALTIMORE.

Where the bay and ocean meet, in Virginia's land,
She who is so wise and sweet, does she understand
I am thinking of her still, who's, to me, most fair,
That the thought of her doth thrill? far off, does she
care?

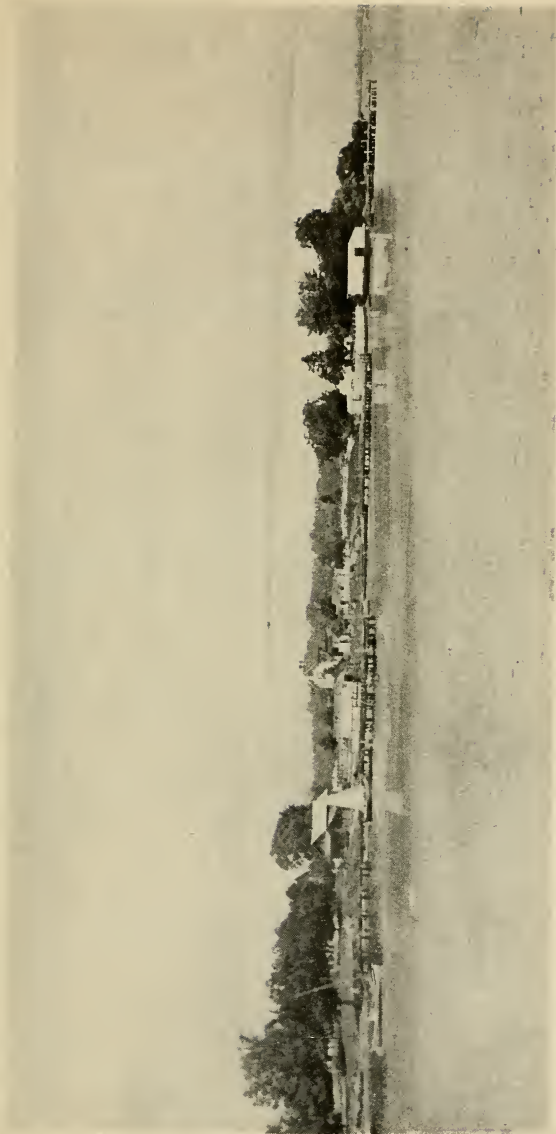
Back to her my thoughts now go, over land and sea,
To the dearest girl I know; how can it but be
To my heart she does appeal, though so far away,
And the surge of hope I feel? what does her heart say?

Here, upon this long, low isle of the Chincoteague,
Nights, I dream of her bright smile, hear her clear voice
speak,

And by day I'm dreaming yet, of herself, it's true,
And her absence I regret,—is she dreaming, too?
'Cross the bay of Chincoteague, 'cross the Eastern Shore,
'Cross the great, wide Chesapeake, I but long the more,
For a face that's, oh! so fair, and a girl I know,—
Tell me, sea and sky and air, is she glad it's so?

Long, low isle of Chincoteague, 'twixt the sea and bay,
To my heart of one you speak, who is far away;
Here, where sea and land and sky all together meet,
I still dream of her, and sigh, for she is so sweet;
Oh! if I could hear her speak, and could see her face,
Now, beside the Chincoteague, I could find all grace;
But, as I can't, I go back, back to Baltimore,
(Where there is, of her, no lack,) in dreams, o'er and o'er.

Yes, I see two darling lips, and two soulful eyes,
Fair, from feet to finger tips, she is, too, and wise,
Beautiful her hands, her head, and her soft brown hair,
So, to her, my soul has fled, does she know it's there?



"Long, low isle of Chincoteague, 'twixt the sea and bay;
To my heart, of one you speak, who is far away."

Does she know, and does she care, that, where'er she
dwells,
My soul strives, aye, to go, there, for her charm compels
All my heart to seek her smile, howe'er far away
From this long, low, sea-girt isle, 'twixt the sea and bay.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

A long time ago I began to look 'round,
That maiden to find, the most glorious,
And often it seemed that herself I had found,
And love would at last be victorious;
One after another, each pleased for a while,
At sometime, each seemed to charm fully,
With faces so lovely and hearts free from guile,
How could I help loving them, truly?

But, somehow or other, (it's hard to explain,)
We sooner or later were parted,
It did seem so sad I should meet them in vain,
Yet, that's why I still am wholehearted;
They pleased me because they were gracious and fair,
It gave me new hope when I met them,
But, after all, none of them made my heart care
So much I could never forget them.

But, now it is certain, I really am pleased,
Since I've found that maid most entrancing,
For whom I've been looking,—my heartbeat's increased
In a way that's entirely convincing,
She's winsome and wise, and fair as a flower,
And good as an angel and clever,
And so I am wishing myself she will dower
With gladness, forever and ever.

THE VASE.

This queerly lacquered vase I send,
 (I would it were more rare!)
Wishing that health and happiness;
 With all else good and fair;
May somehow come, through it, to you,
 Until you are as bless'd
As always, dear, my heart desires;
 Just as, perhaps, you've guessed.
I'm trusting that your eyes 'twill please,
 Whene'er its lines they scan;
Although it's but an empty vase,
 Which came from "Old Japan;"
And yet, not empty; wondrous dreams
 I've filled it with,—of you:
How strange, if, (through your graciousness,)
 Some day they should come true!

A PSALM OF CONFIDENCE.

Green were the pastures where he led,
 That shepherd lad of old,
Who long ago 'mid Canaan's hills
 Safe kept his little fold;
The type of Him who fed the throng
 Beside Tiberias' sea—
The very Son of God Himself—
 Jesus of Galilee.
Jesus our Shepherd, Priest and King,
 Who came from heaven above,
And dwelt, here, on this earth, with men
 And gave to them His love;
And who still knows our every need,
 He is our brother, friend,
Though King of Kings and Lord of Lords,
 And shall be, without end.

And so, as here we journey on,
 No evil shall we fear,
 With confidence our souls are filled;
 Each step brings us more near
 To love's fair city of delight,
 Our everlasting home;
 Where perfect happiness prevails,
 And sin can never come.

Then why should we discouraged be,
 Though some one should today
 Stoop down and take from us those things
 We've gathered on the way?
 Before we cross o'er Jordan's banks,
 Or wear the victor's crown;
 Somewhere, this side the gates of praise,
 Earth things we must lay down.

But what of that, when for our sakes
 He left all heaven above,
 And coming to this earth He lived
 A life of perfect love;
 Forgetful always of Himself,
 But never of His sheep,
 Though often tired and hungry, too,
 And with nowhere to sleep.

He went about here doing good
 Among the sons of men,
 Until for our sins He was slain;
 Then rose to heaven again;
 And there He watches over us,
 Our King and Shepherd still;
 Knowing our every need, always
 He keeps us from all ill.

So, calm and sure, we follow Him
In faith and trust and love,
Our risen Lord, our Shepherd King,
Who waits for us above;
He leadeth, as all shepherds should,
He goeth on before,
So that the fold will be prepared
When we pass through death's door.

Each cross with patience carried here,
(If for His sake), up there
Will but add to the beauty of
The crowns that we shall wear,
When we shall always see His face,
But yet more glorified
Than in the days He dwelt on earth,
When, to save us, He died.

With all God's children gathered there,
How glad we shall be then!
When our Lord gives His welcome smile,
And seraphs sing, "Amen!"
Oh, when we are uplifted to
The bosom of our King,
How our hearts, with ecstatic joy,
Life's perfect song will sing!

Green are the pastures where He leads
Here on this earth we know,
But heaven's fields are fairer far
Than earth's fields ever grow;
And so we travel calmly on,
And quick the journey speeds,
For Wisdom guides and Love provides
Those whom to heaven He leads.

DESSERT.

Do you recall that fine old room
 Where we've oft met together
 With all the other different folks?
 And they were not a few;
 Through rain and snow, and heat and cold,
 Yes, every kind of weather,
 All through the year, we've gathered there,
 As other folks have, too.

Do you recall? Of course you do;
 As I'm one of the boarders;
 The day we met? it was, in fact,
 But, no—I'll not say here:
 I'll only ask if you've observed,
 That Providence, which orders
 All of man's life, made some one, then,
 To me, most fair appear.

If you recall not, you don't care,
 For if you cared, you'd know it;
 And if you won't recall, or care,
 What matters what I think?
 I'll just go on as I have done,
 Although, dear friend, I vow it
 Is really true I come for you;
 Not just for meat and drink.

No, I come not for dinners rare,
 Nor always just for supping,
 I'd rather look on your fair face
 Than eat most perfect food;
 Hence, year by year, I keep on, dear,
 Still coming and still hoping
 You'll be the *dessert* of my life,
 You are so sweet and good.

SWEETHEART DIVINE.

To thee, most bless'd, most lovely maid of all
That e'er my eyes have seen, my heart doth call;
Canst hear? and wilt thou answer? or—must I
But glimpse thy grace, and then bid hope good-bye?
With thee I'd bide; for thou art beautiful
From feet, (which go on errands dutiful,)
To finger tips, (which thrill with joy complete;)
Thou art, O love, thou art sublimely sweet!

And not alone art thou most lovely grown,
But, too, most dear of all I've ever known;
To gain thyself, I'd give all else, because,
Thou art a gem so rare, thou hast no flaws.
In every way most fair; sweetheart divine,
Oh, wilt thou not, I plead, be always mine?
Then I, indeed, shall every blessing know
Which human grace and love can e'er bestow.

HER EYES.

Such lovely eyes! yes, so they were,
I gazed in them elated,
Who looked in them could keep himself
From being captivated?
They held a charm; ah! nameless 'twas,
Else I would try to name it;
Bewitching and enchanting eyes!
They were too lovely,—blame it!

For they have magnetized my heart;
I looked too oft into them,
Though only once before last night
I accidentally saw them;
They were such limpid dreamy eyes;
Yet merry, sparkling, beaming;
That ne'er before I've seen such charm,
As from their depths came gleaming.

Their color? that I do not know,
 Although I saw so plainly
 Their joy, their beauty and their truth;
 Their color, you ask vainly;
 But this I know—how well I know?
 I was bewitched, enchanted!
 Their loveliness all other loves
 Within my heart supplanted.

We met last evening—bless'd surprise!
 Again we may meet never;
 How sad to think those glorious eyes,
 So bright, so clear, so clever;
 From one who was a paragon
 Of rare grace and simplicity;
 May not add, as they might have done,
 Unto my life's felicity.

For, oh, they were so pure and good!
 So coy and sweet their glances,
 I can't forget—ah, me! who could?
 Oh, bother on those dances
 That brought her heart so close to mine,
 That let me touch her fingers!
 They gave my soul joy so divine,
 The thought forever lingers.

Yes, her soul was most free from guile,
 But was it worth the pleasure
 Of knowing her so short a while,
 Repenting then at leisure?
 Or had it wiser been, I say,
 That I had never met her?
 Since now it seems, (ah, woe is me!)
 Alas, I'll never get her!

TO OUR ESTEEMED LANDLADY.

Written for "The Other Boarders."

We most respectfully suggest,
Ice cream would give an added zest,
When over peaches lightly pressed,
For so experience teaches;
And cake is very tempting food,
When made like yours, supremely good,
Which cake, we likewise believe, should,
Go with the cream and peaches.

Thick chocolate, or jelly cake,
Indeed, we like all kinds you bake,
Because, whatever kind you make
The right spot surely reaches;
So please, landlady, don't forget,
When you before us peaches set,
Ice cream and cake make better yet,
The best kind of sliced peaches.

Of course, we're thankful for beefsteak,
Your waffles hot, we'll not forsake,
Of chicken, too, we'll oft partake,
However long the reach is;
But, O, there's no denying, we,
With one another did agree,
We greatly wish, always, there'd be,
Some ice cream on the peaches.

We like your corn, we like your beans,
And every course which intervenes,
From soup to cheese—and all between—
Each dish contentment teaches;
Your coffee, and your bread, always,
Are lovely, everybody says;
But words can't adequately praise
Ice cream, with cake and peaches.

JIMMIE'S NEW FLAME.

Now, doggie Dinks he winks and blinks,
 And, sometimes, even cries;
 Or sits supine, and thinks and thinks;
 Alas, he's gotten wise!
 He knows, no more he holds first place,
 In Jeems' affections now;
 Since Jeems no longer has the grace,
 To notice his bow-wow.

Ah, me! it used to be that he,
 Was Jimmie's dearest pet,
 But, now, it's very plain to see,
 A new one Jeems would get;
 So Dinks is blue, (of course, it's true,)
 At being cast aside;
 As I'd be, too, and so would you,—
 It cannot be denied.

Yes, Dinks just winks, and blinks, and thinks,
 And seldom wags his tail;
 Since Jimmie longs for other links,
 Why shouldn't poor Dinks ail?
 But, never mind, lorn little pup,
 It surely shall be so,
 Some day, someone, will help make up
 For your outrageous woe.

LUCY LOVED ME.

Lucy loved me long ago,
 I am quite convinced it's true, now,
 What a lass she was to know?
 That I won her not, I rue, now;
 She was, oh, so wondrous sweet;
 Her dear presence strangely moved me;
 How sad! I may but repeat—Lucy loved me!

PRISCILLA AND JOHN ALDEN.

“And why don’t you speak for yourself, John?”
I think I can see the flush,
Which came o’er the face of Priscilla,
And feel now, the gentle hush,
Except for two hearts fast beating;
Ah, Priscilla, fair and demure,
I expect, then, you hesitated,
As though you were not quite sure?

(Yet, Priscilla, when you knew John Alden
Was hardy and brave and true,
As any man in old Plymouth,
Yet, modest and gentle, too;
When you realized, he was deserving,
And knew that he loved you best;
And, also, you knew that you loved him;
Why should you not love suggest?)

John Alden looked up at the ceiling,
And then he gazed down on the floor,
And ere he took courage to answer,
He even looked ’round at the door,
But still he was brave, well as noble,
And so to Priscilla he said,—
“I love you, Priscilla, most dearly,
But how can I ask you to wed?

“You are near to my heart, Priscilla,
As the stars are to the sky,
As the fragrance is to the violet,
As the light is to the eye,
I would lay down my life to bless you,
If that would most bless your life?
But, I am sent here by Miles Standish,
And he desires *you* for his wife.”

"Nay, Priscilla, why do you thus tempt me?
 I am but the town squire, you know,
 I am unrenowned, and I'm poor, too,
 But tell me, before I shall go,
 Just what I shall say to Miles Standish,
 How shall I, to him, show the truth?
 That loving not—him you'll not marry;
 He has watched over you since youth.

"And Miles Standish is staunch and valiant
 As any man in our town,
 Intrepid and strong as the white oak,
 Already of great renown,
 And, Pricilla, he asked me to tell you,
 That all his heart you have won.
 Say, are you quite sure you can't wed him?"
 "I am sure, yes, quite sure, John!

"I believe Miles Standish is worthy,
 I am honored by his love,
 But how can you think, John Alden, that,
 For him, my heart you can move?
 When I know that your own heart's breaking,
 Though you smile, I can read you through,
 Oh! why don't you speak for yourself, John?
 Why not to yourself be true?

"I know that for long you have loved me,
 Nay, strive not to hide it now,
 In such things, men never are clever,
 And no more are you, John, I vow,
 Come, tell me, please, truly and plainly,
 The story your heart seeks to hide!
 Remember that we are old friends, John,
 And in me, pray, freely confide."

“You are poor? so you say, but then, John,
Love with gold may not be bought,
Unrenowned? well, what does that matter;
Love, by glory, need not be taught,
You are plain? why I don’t agree there,
Some one may have said so, true,
But I count those fairest to look on,
Whom we love the most, don’t you?”

“Ah, John, had you told your love to me,
Long ago, instead of today,
Both our lives, long since, had been brighter,
For love would have lit the way,
With a light which love only giveth,
True, your punishment has been great;
But why should you hesitate longer?
Why still keep on tempting fate?”

“Wrong Miles Standish? nay, he is wiser
Than to want my hand alone,
No man can do harm to another,
By seeking to gain his own;
Honest love is never amiss, John,
To hide it alone is wrong,
Smile once more, and tell me you love me,
For I to yourself belong.

“Yes, long I have known it, John Alden,
Else never had I spoken so,
I know you are sincere and loyal,
And even more strong shall grow;
Then how could I let joy and blessing
And happiness all pass away,
Because you thought, it might be selfish,
Your love at my feet to lay?”

"Oh, why should we fight life apart, John?
 With foolish doubt tempting fate?
 Is it wise or desirable, think you,
 Undecided, uncertain to wait?
 Nay, John, I am glad that I've spoken,
 I would, for your love, speak again;
 If the sequel shall be joy forever,
 Why stop for a moment's pain?"

"Tell Miles Standish, next time he wooeth,
 To go and seek love, not send,
 For love that is not worth going for,
 Had better, indeed, at once end."
 "It shall be as you say, Priscilla,
 For all that I am is your own,
 As the flowers are drawn to the sunlight,
 So my heart, to your heart, is drawn.

"Since that day your fair face dawned on me,
 To the last day that I'll live,
 Like a stream gives itself to the ocean,
 My love, to yourself, I shall give;
 But, Pricilla, my sweetheart, my loved one,
 What think you Miles Standish will say?
 That I've broken my faith unto him?"
 "Nay, John Alden, I tell you, nay!

"Go tell him that I do not love him,
 And never will do so, and then—
 Well, he differs from you, John Alden,
 Being much more like other men."
 John Alden and Priscilla Mullens,
 As all the wide world now knows,
 Were married and prospered; Miles Standish,
 Next time, went himself to propose.

Ever friends were John Alden, Priscilla,
Miles Standish, and his wife, too,
Side by side they lived in old Plymouth,
Side by side their children grew;
And many a time has the story,
Through the years gone by, been told,
How Miles Standish lost fair Priscilla;
And why John Alden grew bold.

Apply, as you care to, the moral,
There are many lessons here,
For not all are blessed like John Alden,
Who hesitate thus and fear,
Not every Priscilla such tact has,
Though maybe as worthy being won,
And some might have taken Miles Standish;
Supposing that you were John?

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

Mary, the mother of Jesus,
The most blessed daughter of God,
Lived in the land of Judea,
And walked o'er its rich, green sod,
Even where Isaac and Joseph
And Aaron and David, too,
Watched by their flocks, and worshipped
That God who only is true.

Mary, the mother of Jesus,
Tended alone her first born
In a stable, (the inn was crowded,)
In the chill of that early morn,
For Mary, the mother of Jesus,
Was brave and gentle and good,
Most highly favored by Heaven,
Most perfect of womanhood.

Mary, the mother of Jesus,
 Was gracious and kind always,
 I would that I might have seen her,
 In Canaan, in those far off days,
 But that dear mother all glorious,
 Is now gone to heaven above,
 She dwells there with saints victorious,
 God's mercy to men to prove.

So now I can only think of her,
 Beyond words pure and sweet,
 Till I, by the grace God giveth,
 Her mother love there shall greet,
 Because I am sure that she knoweth,
 And waits there for each one, too,
 Whom Jesus, her son—our Saviour—
 Here upon earth ever knew.

Mary, the mother of Jesus,
 Always the mother is she,
 Before, and ever since Jesus
 Was crucified on Calvary's tree;
 Though by disciples deserted,
 Mocked and despised by His foes,
 Close by stood Mary, His mother,
 Who watched from His crib to His cross,

Christ the Divine, the Exalted,
 Who came from heaven above,
 Just to teach men, God Almighty,
 Loves with an infinite love;
 What is the wonderful secret?
 Surely the answer must be,
 Mothers, far more than all others,
 Bring heaven to you and to me.

AUNTIE'S LESSON.

"Little girl you have broken my pen;
The one that I cared the most for;
Tell your auntie that you're sorry, then,
For writing, with it, on the floor;
Listen, dear, and I'll try to explain,
(Though logic, at three, isn't strong,)
It hurts auntie; don't do it again;
To break fountain pens is quite wrong."

It was thus that I heard auntie say
To her little niece, charmingly dear;
But I'm thinking that auntie, some day,
As innocent, quite, will appear;
When some one, the same way, looks at her,
And tells her, she's broken a heart;
Then I wonder if auntie will care,
What pain, to him, her words impart?

When he says, "little girl, never mind!
How could one so shy ever guess,
Just, not giving a smile, was unkind?
Anyhow, what's a heart more or less?"
"Little girl, sweet and fair, oh, beware
Of breaking things you can't replace!
No, I'm sure it's not that you don't care;
I can see, by the flush on your face."

THE VISION OF FAITH.

O, if we would but see how wonderful
The vision which is just before our eyes!
But our sight is so short, our faith so dull,
We just will not our blessings realize;
We close our eyes, and wonder we don't see;
We shut our hearts, and cannot understand
Why love stays out, how could it different be,
When we will not be wise,—as God has planned?



Oft we are tried and tested here on earth,
 Until we are perfected and made strong,
 Till God gives to our souls a higher birth,
 To conquer self and overcome all wrong;
 Being born anew, our eyes are spiritual made,
 And we perceive the marvel of those gifts
 Which nothing can withhold, (the price being paid;)
 O wondrous vision which man's soul uplifts!

Recall Elisha, who could see God's hosts
 Just waiting faithless Israel to save,
 He knew no fear, in spite of Syria's boasts;
 (If we'd but look, we also would be brave;)
 Think of his faith, who, from the flaming bush
 Which burned so bright, and yet was not consumed,
 Heard God's voice speak amidst the desert's hush,
 Else Israel had to greater grief been doomed.

Ay! if we would but let faith our eyes kiss,
 So we might see how God would bless our lives;
 If we would but receive His offered bliss,
 Which always, to bestow, His spirit strives;
 Then we would know all earth is filled with joy!
 That God is taking care of all His own;
 And so we would always His help employ,
 And fear and want to us would be unknown.

All heaven, at once, would open wide its gates,
 And like Elijah, we would enter in,
 On chariots of flame, for God but waits
 Until we shall, perfected, all grace win;
 Nay, we can never die; has He not said,
 I am thy Father, and I live always?
 Then shall we not, with Him, for aye be glad
 And, with all saints, forever sing His praise?

O WONDROUS MELODY!

Yes, it was years, and years ago,
When first I heard it sung;
But ever since, that blest refrain,
"God's own hand leadeth me,"
Within my heart, down through the years,
Has softly, sweetly rung;
And, unto me, His peace has brought—
O wondrous melody!

"He leadeth me," dear, gracious hymn
Which makes me love to think
How God, always, leads "even me,"
Wherever I may be;
Whatever I may do, His hand
Is still the gracious link,
Between me and all blessedness;
Between all joy and me.

"Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,"
When I've seemed all alone;
"Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,"
(It has been so with me;)
"By waters calm;" bright happy days
To me His love has shown;
"He leadeth me," (I know it's true,)
"Over life's troubled sea."

Ay, ever has His hand, in love,
Held this frail hand of mine,
And I was well content 'twas so,
"Whate'er my lot might be;"
For still I heard that blest refrain,
"I'll faint not, nor repine,
Whate'er I do, where'er I be;
Since God's hand leadeth me."

"And when my task on earth is done,"
 (How welcome is the thought,)
 I'll whisper still, those precious words,
 "Till His face I shall see;"
 "For, when, by grace, the victory's won,
 And every battle's fought,"
 Then I shall sing, in heaven itself,
 Through Jordan He led me!

A BACHELOR ROMANCE.

I've woven a romance around her fair self,
 The treasure of her love I've sought;
 I've made her a goddess, an angel, a queen,
 And homage unstinted I've brought;
 I have called her delightful, seraphic, sublime!
 And well I know, she's all of these;
 Else why should my heart, aye, reach out to her heart,
 And long herself, always, to please?

Oh, would that my vision, my dream, might grow true!
 For I am so lonely become,
 However much bless'd I am, how can I be
 Content with a "make-believe" home?
 I've seen, though I've reached not, the blessing of love;
 I have felt, though I never have found
 The beauty and goodness, the joy and the peace
 With which man's life ought to be crowned.

Then, won't you, my sweetheart, somehow make it real
 That you are, in truth, my own love?
 Make the glory and gladness of "her" 'round me steal,
 Till earth shall a new Eden prove;
 Please bid me come quickly, oh, be all in all
 Of my highest earthly desire!
 Make the haven of "home" that I've dreamed of so long;
 The rest of my earth-life inspire.

MODESTY.

I looked through downcast eyelids,
I longed his face to see;
But, oh, my heart was timid!
For he'd not told to me
The story of the longing
Within his heart—though I
Was certain it beat faster,
Whenever I came nigh.

I wanted him, yet, shunned him;
My heart's throb beat so clear,
Whenever he came near me,
I was afraid he'd hear;
Love seemed a plant so tender,
Perhaps its charm would break?
I wanted to surrender,
I longed to hear him speak.

I feared, though, my heart's flutter,
He might not quite approve;
And so—and so, I lost him,
Would I had shown my love!

* * * * *

What's that? you've come to tell me
You can't keep your love back?
That, spite of all my coldness,
You must one effort make?

Oh, can't you see, my lover!
My heart with love's aflame?
Though, since I'm but a maiden,
I needs must wait love's claim?
And so my eyes were downcast,
Yet, all the time, 'twas true
I've wanted only you, dear,
I've loved no one but you.

BACHELOR MEDITATIONS.

Lonesome, I sit in my study,
 Tired and weary and blue,
 Oh, what's the use of "just living,"
 When nobody cares for you?
 Books piled on mantle and desk tops,
 All sorts of things on the chairs,
 For, now, my heart's only camping,
 Waiting till somebody cares.

Surely I'm not unattractive,
 (Though I'm more serious than gay,)
 Neither am I so bad looking,
 (Or, so I've heard people say;)
 But, alas! that one I wait for,
 Somehow the fates keep away,
 However much I seek for her,
 However much for her pray.

So my heart waits, solitary,
 Oh, if she just would appear,
 And in my ear softly whisper,
 "Dear, I'm come your heart to cheer!"
 Then I'd no more be a bachelor,
 Tired and sad, I'll allow,
 For, when herself I've discovered,
 I shall be married,—I vow!

Lonesome I sit in my study,
 Longingly dreaming of days
 Which will be mine when she cometh
 With her inspiring, dear ways;
 Soon may the waiting be over,
 Soon may good fortune draw near,
 For till I find my true-lover,
 How can I hope to have cheer?

THE ARMY OF THE LORD.

Comrades, we're an army of the Living Lord,
Marching ever onward, by roads strange and hard,
Out of Egypt's bondage, up to Canaan's land,
With the Christ, our Captain, ever in command;
We are children, truly, of God's love and care,
Though we seem to wander far from everywhere,
In a desert dreary; but, He still does guide,
And His grace and mercy, manna still provide.

It's an old, old story, by an old, old road,
From the land of Egypt, to the land of God,
Millions of feet follow, by His wisdom led
Through that same drear desert, some though are left
dead;

But, by him who faints not, Canaan's reached at last,
Wondrous, glorious vision,—when the desert's past;
Land of milk and honey, land of perfect joy,
Where naught ever cometh to harm or annoy.

O, the marvelous vision in our minds we've had,
Of a land o'erflowing with all that makes glad,
Where naught can distress us, or our hearts alarm,
Only perfect peace there, always endless charm;
Now we march through Syria's desert of distress,
But we'll soon reach Canaan's land of happiness,
Fairer than old Canaan in the land of Nod,
It's that perfect Canaan of the land of God.

So cheer up, my comrades, Christ has gone before,
To prepare us mansions, where, forevermore,
Perfect bliss shall bless us, glorious, endless life;
What then counts earth sorrow, trouble, trial, strife?
Since we're surely marching—thank God it is true—
Not into affliction, but affliction through,
And, redeemed, we'll gather, when the journey's done,
Where no evil cometh, where all good is won.

Water, from the desert, for us, will flow forth,
Every day, of manna there will be no dearth,
If we turn not backward, if our faith holds fast,
We are sure that Jordan we shall cross at last;
For we are an army of the Lord of Love,
And He'll safely lead us into heaven above;
Then mind not affliction for a brief while here,
Syria soon will vanish, Canaan soon appear.

PLEASE COME SOON.

Dear love, since you left, I am lone and sad,
Though I try so hard to be bright and glad,
But I miss your presence, more, every day,
It seems like ages since you went away;
O, if you only would come back, I know
You'd surely be glad that you had done so,
And never again, should my heart then sigh,
Since you'd make me happy forever and aye!

So hasten your coming, my own sweetheart,
And far be the day, ere again we part,
And long be the time I shall know your love,
The dearest, sincerest love ever thought of;
O you, who will always delight and bless,
Don't you hear my cry, won't you answer, yes!
And be glad that my soul your own doth hail,
With a cry insistent, that ought not fail?

Dear one, who are fairer to me than day,
And sweeter than honey, or new mown hay;
Whose every feature I love so to see,
You must know, I long with yourself to be;
That I'll not be glad till you're always near,
My soul with your presence to bless and cheer,
Then nothing shall ever our two lives part;
My eyes long to see you—please come, soon,
sweetheart!

DEATH IS NOT KING.

Like sheaves of wheat before the reaper's scythe,
 When ripe, they fall,
One day they stand erect, the next lie low,
 At Death's grim call,
Yet who is Death? or whom doth he now serve,
 And whom obey?
Is it not One whose perfect will is right
 And wise always?

Each life's a field, where groweth, side by side,
 The good and ill,
Each flourisheth, (some better and some worse,)
 In growth until
The Master looks, and sees that it is time
 For harvesting,
Then, one day, fair and good, his sickle blade
 Grim Death doth swing.

Ay, oftentimes flowers fall before his sweep,
 And grain half ripe,
And oftentimes weeds; they all are garnered in,
 Whatever type
Of flowers, or grain, or weeds, which groweth there
 At harvest time;
If frail or flourishing, if green or ripe,
 They cease to climb.

The Master's word goes forth, and ere the sun
 Of a new day
Sinks in the west, the harvesting is done,
 (As He did say,)
Those flowers, and weeds, and grain, so sturdy grown,
 Stand up no more,
But they are taken off and laid upon
 Death's threshing floor.

The weeds are taken out, the chaff destroyed,
 And only grain,
 The good and beautiful, the strong and sure;
 Is sown again;
 And then, once more the field of that man's life
 Is flourishing,
 For here, or in another world, man lives for aye.
 Death is not King!

FEAR NOT.

("Ye are of more value than many sparrows.")

Not a sparrow falls, not a robin calls,
 Nor whistles one whip-poor-will,
 But the God of Love smiles down from above,
 With new faith each bird to thrill;
 For He made them all, and He loves them all,
 Ay, they all to Him belong!
 So they bring their praise to Him always,
 In the care-free voice of song.

They've no anxious heed for tomorrow's need,
 They're as glad as each new day,
 Since they know that He, (through eternity,)
 Will never their trust betray;
 That His wisdom guides, and His grace provides
 Whatever their hearts desire;
 So they sing, and they fly through the glorious sky,
 And the world with hope inspire.

By faith they are fed, and soft is their bed,
 And cosy's their wind-rocked nest;
 Which is just their size, and it's built so wise
 They find, in it, perfect rest;
 Not a sparrow falls, not a robin calls,
 Nor chirrups one chickadee,
 But the God of Love smiles down from above,
 And blesses them—"fear not ye!"

LOVE'S DESIRE.

When shall we meet, O love most sweet!
 When shall I look into your eyes?
 Without a doubt, without disguise?
 When shall we meet? when, I repeat?
 Will it be soon, at morn or noon,
 When first I'll hold your hand in mine,
 And see your bright eyes softly shine
 Into my own? will it be soon?

 When shall we meet? eyes, hands, hearts greet?
 We, who shall love, O dearest friend!
 Without a doubt, without an end,
 In union sweet, and joy complete?
 O crimson glow, your cheeks shall know!
 O look of gladness, warm and bright,
 That to my soul shall bring delight,
 I long to know your beauty so!

URGENCY,

(An ancient love song.)

Venus and Hebe, pray end my privation,
 Psyche and Juno, I famish for love,
 How can I ever know bliss and elation
 Unless your graces my hopes shall approve?
 Dark is the day, keen's the wind, and it's hailing,
 Life is so dismal, and I am so lone,
 Earth groweth empty, and hope seemeth failing,
 Because, as yet, I have not found "my own."

 Open the doors for her who should come to me,
 O thou fair goddesses of true love, heed!
 Let not the grim fates of trouble pursue me
 Till it is too late love's blessing to plead.
 Venus and Hebe, and Psyche and Juno;
 And all who, ever, to love have confessed;
 Hasten *her* advent, and tell *her* that you know
 That she will always, in my love, be blessed.

SUSAN G. OF GOUCHER.

Yes, it's a most peculiar thing,
 Sue is both Short and tall;
 Indeed, it plainly can be seen
 She's long been Short—not cross or mean—
 And so, of course, not small;
 For Susan is a generous girl,
 And wise and gracious, too,
 And, since she's not too thin, nor stout
 (Though she's both tall and Short,) no doubt
 You'd like her, as I do.

A girl quite long for this brief life,
 Although folks call her Short;
 But not for long I think that she
 Will still continue Short to be
 When bliss shall her transport;
 No, I don't think she will stay Short
 As long as she stays tall;
 Soon some wise man will look on her,
 And ask her if she won't prefer
 His name her own to call.

Then, all she'll have to do, is say
 No longer Short she'll be;
 But Susan G. she will remain,
 Though Susan G. is rather plain,
 (The name, not Susan G.)
 For she is more than fair to see,
 She's good to look upon;
 So, Short she'll strive in vain to stay,
 Because she isn't built that way;
 Of small traits she has none.

Hence, soon, some tall man Sue shall get,
 And Short will be forgot;
 At length she will be Short no more—
 What would she want to stay Short for,
 When tallness more joy brought?
 In short, she should not be too long,
 It really seems to me;
 For if she is, then, she might miss
 The height and depth and length of bliss
 Which shortly hers should be.

L'ENVOY.

I may as well, now, to you state,
 Soon after Sue did graduate,
 She was no longer Short;
 But Susan G. she ne'er forsook,
 Although another name she took,
 According to report.

L'ENVOY.

I've sought to please Phylis and many another,
 But all of them "brother" would have me remain,
 I've written love letters, discourses and sonnets,
 And admired their bonnets,—their favor to gain.
 I've sent to them presents and taken them places,
 I've praised their fair faces,—ah, they were so fair!
 It's hard to recover, or ever get over
 From being their lover,—my heart they all share.

But never, among these, have I found that maiden
 Whose heart was so laden, (alas, that it's true!)
 With love so abiding that she'd not forget me,
 Nor ever regret me,—though fondly I woo.
 Because of her absence, I am filled with sorrow,
 So far off's the morrow of gladness, it seems,
 That's waiting to bless me, and from sighing woo me,
 Joy, no more, comes to me, except it's in dreams.

Oh, why can't I find her who will not forsake me?
 Who gladly will take me, her lover to be?
 To bide, ever, with me, sincerely approve me,
 And never tire of me,—oh, where, where is she?
 I've made rhymes to Doris and many another,
 But all of them "brother" preferred I should stay;
 And, yet, I am certain, somewhere dwells a maiden,
 With every good laden, who will come, some day.

GOD'S PRESENCE.

Since when I was a little babe
 Upon my mother's breast,
 The God of Israel has been mine;
 By Him I have been blest;
 He's led my steps, my heart made glad,
 Kept me, asleep, awake;
 He's fed me, clothed me, comforted;
 And He will ne'er forsake.

Well I know He will care for me,
 (As He has ever done,)
 While earth life lasts; and guide my steps
 Till heaven itself it won;
 Ah, yes, I'm certain it is true;
 And so no ill I fear;
 The God of Israel is my God,
 And He is ever near.

Yes, He is near, so very near,
 He dwelleth in my breast;
 And since I comprehend it's so,
 My soul has perfect rest;
 His wisdom guides, His power protects
 And His love comforts me,
 Since that day I was born a babe,
 Through all eternity.

AMERICANS, BE TRUE!

Americans, who now go forth
To be with right allied;
Our prayers protecting follow you;
May angels guard and guide,
Till He who knows each sparrow's flight,
To you shall victory give,
So that, throughout all time to come,
Freedom, o'er earth, shall live.

Truth, perched upon our flag belov'd,
We send forth now with you,
To honor, loyalty and faith,
Americans, be true!
Strike, till that evil power which seeks
God's free world to enslave,
Is cast out, to come back no more:
Americans, be brave!

Americans, now, forward march!
And all your might employ
To rid the world from ruthless greed,
Fierce, grim hate to destroy;
Fight *wrong* with all your hearts and souls,
As, loving *right*, you must;
Still, knowing that Jehovah rules,
Americans, be just!

Americans, "quit you like men!"
Put tyranny to flight;
'Gainst wicked and unrighteous kings,
Who, but free men, should fight?
Straight forward press, nor stop till *you*
God's good will shall achieve;
Then, to America, come back,
Faith's blessing to receive.

O brave Americans! know this;
 Where'er you tent or fight,
 The star of love shines over *you*,
 If it be day or night;
 And know—from mothers, sweethearts, friends,
 Go prayers to God above,
 That He will send you victory,
 As our hearts send you love.

RESPONSE.

From the pulsing heart of the city,
 From the deep, sweet soul of the woods,
 From all of life's trials and troubles,
 As well as life's glorious moods;
 There comes forth the song of the poet,
 More inspired than weird violin,
 Which sends out, in music most wondrous,
 The longings and passions of men.

All goodness, all gladness, all beauty—
 All largess Truth's word can command,
 Appeal to the soul of the poet,
 And other men's souls understand;
 As good ever answers to goodness,
 And love ever answers to love,
 So hearts that are truth-filled and gracious,
 Must truth and grace ever approve.

Hence, down through the soul's endless æons,
 The gladness of joy greater grows,—
 Because of the words of the poet,
 God's heart throb of love plainer shows;
 For his is a gift of clear vision,
 He seeks out the good in all things,—
 In nature and art, earth and heaven,
 Then, for all the world, his song sings.

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Idyls and Ideals

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